KARAMSIN'S TRAVELS.

Engraved by Hopwood

NICOLAI KARAMSIN.

Published September 9-1803, by John Badcock, 28, Paternoster Row.

TRAVELS

FROM

MOSCOW,

THROUGH

PRUSSIA, GERMANY, SWITZERLAND, FRANCE, AND ENGLAND.

BY

NICOLAI KARAMSIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. BADCOCK, PATER-NOSTER-ROW,

BY G. SIDNEY, NORTHUMBERLAND-ST. STRAND.

1803.

TO

JOHN REEVES, ESQ.

&c. &c. &c.

Sir,

Permit me to dedicate to you the Translation of these Travels, as an humble token of the gratitude I feel for the signal marks of kindness you have shewn me, and as an acknowledgment of your unremitted endeavours to promote my welfare, and to enable me to evince my most sincere and grateful

feelings towards the BRITISH NATION in general, and in particular towards YOU, as a distinguished person of that nation; which, on account of its FREEDOM, GREATNESS, and HUMANITY, is indisputably THE FIRST NATION IN THE WORLD.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient,

And obliged Servant,

THE TRANSLATOR.

London,
Sept. 9. 1803.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

It was my original intention in any subsequent edition of these Letters to have made considerable alterations. They have, however, been very trifling. The Letters ought indeed to

 remain

remain in the form in which they were written, and received the flattering approbation of the public. The rapidity, the inequality of the style, with which they may perhaps be reproached, are the effects of the different nature of those objects which made an impression on the mind of the youthful and inexperienced Russian traveller. He related to his friends what had happened to him, what he heard, saw, felt, and thought. He wrote, not in moments of inspiration,

or

or in the stillness of his closet, but just as it happened on the road.

Much in my Letters is unimportant; much is trivial. I grant it; but, if we can forgive *Richardson* and *Fielding* for telling us that *Grandison* took tea twice a day with his dear Miss *Biron*, and that *Tom Jones* slept exactly seven hours at this or that inn, why should a traveller, who writes to his friends, be harshly treated for introducing many circumstances of inferior consequence? Nor can the man, wrapped

in his surtout, and carrying the pilgrim's staff, be expected to write with the elegance of a courtier, or the accuracy of a professor.

For the rest, I would advise him who seeks in Travels only geographical and statistical information, rather to read *Busching's* Geography, than these Letters.

N. KARAMSIN.

CONTENTS

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

LETTER I.—From Twer....Feelings at the departure and separation from my Friends........................ 1

LETTER II.—From Petersburgh...Residence in Petersburgh...Conversations with a Friend...Disappointed wish of going by sea to Germany...................... 4

LETTER III.—From Riga...Journey from Petersburgh to Narva...Disagreeable Accident in Narva...Hospitality of an inhabitant of Narva.....Journey from Narva to Riga...Remarks upon the Esthonians and Livonians...Jamburgh...Dorpat...Lenz...Riga........ 6

LETTER IV.—From an Inn in Courland...Fellow-travellers...The Boundary...Mittau...Scenery in Courland.....Prussian Waggoners....The Inn....Remembrances...Interview with some German travellers.... 15

LETTER V.—From Polangen...Journey through Courland....The French Lady...Polish Boundary...The Baltic.. 21

LETTER VI.—From Memel...Memel...Different roads to Königsberg...The Custom-House Officers....State of the Author's mind.. 23

LETTER

LETTER VII.—From a Prussian Inn...Views in Prussia ...Tilsit...The Centinel...The Lieutenant, and his conversation with the Landlady and the Author..... 26

LETTER VIII.—From Königsberg...A short description of this Town...Military...Kant...Interview with this Philosopher...The Cathedral church...The Russian Consul...The French Dentist...The Russian Courier ...The Moscovite Hall...Places of Pleasure.......... 34

LETTER IX.—From Marienburg....The Post-Chaise... The Passengers.....The Captain.....Heiligenbeil.... Braunsberg....Frauenburg....N. Copernicus...Elbing The Coffee-House....The angry Swedish woman.... The Anabaptists...Marienburg........................ 46

LETTER X.—From Dantzig...View of this Town from Stolzenberg...Decline of the trade...The causes of it ...The Senate-House...The graves of the Russians buried at Hagelsberg...................................... 53

LETTER XI.—The Passengers...The Frenchmen...Prospect at Sea...Mr. Rinck, Master of Arts............... 56

LETTER XII.—The Postillions....The Post-Master.... Lupow.. 59

LETTER XIII.—From Stargard.....Köslin.....Frederick William I...Körlin...The Landlord...The Cossacks ...The Castle of Banditti...The Officers....The Postmaster's Son...Usual Questions at the Gates........... 62

LETTER XIV.—From Berlin.....Separation from the Captain...The wet Woman...Dreams...Disappointed Hope....Mr. Blum...A Friend...Berlin...William's Square...The long Bridge...Royal Library...Park... The Garden of Prince Ferdinand...................... 68

LETTER XV.—From the same place...Nicolai...Conversation with him...The Swede....Garrison Church Kleist 80

LETTER XVI.—Pompous entrance of the hereditary Stadtholder's Consort...Theatre...Misanthropy and Repentance........ 89

LETTER XVII.—Trip to Potsdam...The Russian church ...The old Russian...Sans Souci...Return to Berlin... Ferney...The Opera........ 95

LETTER XVIII.—Ramler, the German Horace.....Don Carlos, by Schiller........ 103

LETTER XIX.—Professor Moriz....Conversation with him...The cousin of Lisbon........ 108

LETTER XX.—Immorality of Berlin...Zimmermann... Activity and frugality of the people of Berlin........ 112

LETTER XXI.—Hackney-coaches...Inns........ 114

LETTER XXII.—On the road to Dresden...Departure from Berlin...The Mail-coach...Saxon roads...The light-haired Lady........ 116

LETTER XXIII.—From Dresden...View of Dresden... Dresden...The Bridge...Picture-gallery........ 120

LETTER XXIV.—The Court-chapel...The large Garden 132

LETTER XXV.—From Meissen...Departure from Dresden...Fine Country...Enthusiasm...Company in the Post-coach...The Student from Prague...Meissen, and the adjacent country...Matthäi........ 134

LETTER XXVI.—From Leipzig....The Student from Prague declaims against Women...The Master of Arts and the Student from Leipzig...The Wig...Arrival at Leipzig........ 139

LETTER XXVII.—From the same place...The Landlord and the Thunder-storm...A new Acquaintance........ 143

LETTER XXVIII.—From the same place...The Theological Auditory...The situation of Leipzig...Population....Streets and Houses....Professor Beck...M. Riedel...Dr. Plattner...Richter's Garden....Gellert's Monument in Wendler's Garden...The Monument in John's Church.. 145

LETTER XXIX.—From the same place...Plattner's Lectures.. 151

LETTER XXX.—From the same place...Living in Leipzig...Booksellers...Interview with Plattner....Harmony.. 154

LETTER XXXI.—Visit to Weisse in Stötteritz........... 160

LETTER XXXII.—A pleasant Evening..................... 163

LETTER XXXIII.—The Rosenthal...Schröpfer...Departure from Leipzig.. 165

LETTER XXXIV.—From Weimar....Situation of Weimar...The Park...Herder...The Monument of Musæus in James's Church.................................. 171

LETTER XXXV.—Wieland...Conversation with him...Visit to Herder.. 177

LETTER XXXVI.—Another conversation with Wieland ...Göthe...Bertuch...Bode...Duchess Amelia.......... 183

LETTER XXXVII.—From the same place...Lenz's Residence at Weimar.. 183

LETTER XXXVIII.—From Erfurth...The Benedictine Monastery on Peter Mountain...Gleichen's Grave The Orphan-House...Luther's Cell...The Dance of the Dead.. 191

LETTER XXXIX.—From Frankfort-on-the-Mayn...... The Country about Eisenach...Castle of Wartburg... The Monk and Nun...Caroline........................ 196

LETTER XL.—From the same place...Bad Weather... Schiller's Fiesko...The young Doctor.................. 201

LETTER XLI.—From the same place...Friendly reception in a Garden...The Promenade..................... 204

LETTER XLII.—From the same place...The village of Bergen...The Roman...The Golden Bull...The Statue of Mary...Intolerance...Jews.......................... 208

LETTER XLIII.—From the same place....Journey to Darmstadt...Stark...The Exercising-House...Theatre at Frankfort... 212

LETTER XLIV.—From Mentz.....The Rhine...Hochheim wine.. 215

LETTER XLV.—From Manheim....Charming country ...Inundation of the Rhine...Oppenheim...Manheim 217

LETTER XLVI.—From the same place.—Academy of Sculpture....Laocoon.................................... 220

LETTER XLVII.—From Strasburg...Reflections on travelling...The French boundary...Tumults at Strasburg, and adjacent country...The Cathedral church ...The Monument of Marshal Saxe...University... Population....Manner of building....Ladies' Headdress...German dialect...Recollection of friends....... 221

LETTER XLVIII.—From Basle...Departure from Strasburg....Views on the road...The French post...D. Becker...Basle...Houses...Population...The Rhine... The Cathedral church...The Monument of Erasmus ...Holbein's

...Holbein's paintings in the Library...The Dance of the Dead...The cabinet of Mr. Fäsch...Statue of Rudolph I...The Emigrant family...The Clocks... Gravity and cleanliness of the inhabitants of Basle... The Hermitage...Swiss blood...The Lady of Yverdon.......... 228

LETTER XLIX.—From the same place....Departure from Basle...Enthusiasm.......... 241

LETTER L.—From Brugg...The French Lady...Pierre and the Squirrel...The thief.......... 245

LETTER LI.—From Zurich...Sentiments at the sight of Zurich...Lavater...Pfenninger...Physiognomical paroxysm...The Night Song...Lips...Houses of Zurich ...The Arsenal...Letters of Jane Grey.......... 249

LETTER LII.—From the same place...Promenade..Walk to a neighbouring village...Pastor...The two Sisters ...Social amusements.......... 258

TRAVELS.

EUROPE.
N.B. The Route of M. Karamsin is expressed by a Dotted Line.
NORTH OCEAN
ICELAND
Hola
Skalholt
SCOTLAND
Western Isles
Murray Firth
Firth of Forth
Edinburgh
IRELAND
Dublin
ENGLAND
York
London
St. Georges Channel
Bristol Ch.
Lands End
British Channel
North Sea
Skager Rack
NORWAY
Bergen
Drontheim
Christiania
Christiansund
Loffoden I.
North Cape
LAPLAND
Kola
Tornea
SWEDEN
Stockholm
Abo
Cronstadt
Petersburg
Narva
Archangel
Onega
RUSSIA IN EUROPE
Moscow
Twer
Kazan
Samara
Astrachan
Don R.
Riga
Mittaw
Wilna
Dantzic
Konigsberg
Hamburg
Elbe
Berlin
Potsdam
Leipsic
Meissen
Dresden
POLAND
GERMANY
Amsterdam
Calais
Paris
Versailles
Fontainbleau
Strasburg
Manheim
FRANCE
Berne
Geneva
Lyons
Bordeaux
Toulouse
Toulon
Bay of Biscay
ATLANTIC OCEAN
SPAIN
Madrid
Oporto
Bilboa
Lisbon
Seville
Gibraltar
Minorca
Majorca
Corsica
Sardinia
Genoa
Mantua
Venice
Rome
Naples
I. of Sicily
Vienna
Presbourg
Buda
HUNGARY
Prague
Belgrade
Bukorest
Oczakow
Cherson
Kiow
Crimea
BLACK SEA
TURKEY
Sophia
Adrinople
Constantinople
the Dardanelles
Smyrna
ANATOLIA
Sinope
Trebizond
Tarso
I. of Cyprus
I. of Candia
LEVANT
Tripoli
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Algier
Tunis
AFRICA

TRAVELS.

Twer, May 18.

I AM now separated from you, my dear friends! I remove further and further, but my heart adheres to you with the most affectionate regard.

Oh heart! who can rely upon thy determinations? .through how many years has it been my fondest wish to travel! have I not with enthusiasm exclaimed, yes, at length thou shalt travel! Was it not each morning my first, and every evening my last exulting thought! how long have I been incapable of taking an interest in any thing but the journey? have I not counted the days and the hours? and now when at length the so much wished for moment

arrives, how depressed is my mind, how poignant my sensations, when for the first time, I reflect: Thou must now part from all that is dearest to thee on earth! thou must now part from every thing, which has hitherto constituted thy whole moral existence. I looked at the table, at which I for years committed to paper my sensations and my rising thoughts—the window at which I have often sat, while wrapped in the profoundest meditation, and where the rising sun not seldom found me—the Gothic mansion; the admired object of my gaze at the hour of night;—in short, every thing which presented itself to my view, caused an exquisite recollection of the past years of my life; the occurrences of which an ardent imagination presented in glowing colours to my mind. I took leave of inanimate things as if they had been my long esteemed friends. During this emotion and agitation of mind, my servants sorrowfully entered, and requested me not to forget them, but that when I returned to my native country, I would again take them into my service. Grief is contagious, my friends, and particularly upon such occasions.

But you are dearer to me than every thing, and from you I was to part. My heart was so

overwhelmed that I lost the power of utterance, but to what purpose shall I tell you this? The moment in which we wished each other mutual happiness was so bitter, that a thousand delicious minutes in future must make me amends for it.

The worthy *Ptrw.* accompanied me to the end of the town, we then embraced, and for the first time, I beheld his eyes bedewed with tears. I got into the kibitka and looked back on Moskow, where I left so much that was dear to me. I exclaimed with emotion: may you continue to enjoy every comfort! The bells sounded,* the horses sprung forward, and your friend found himself alone, and as if abandoned to the world; solitary and cheerless was his soul. Whatever is past appears but as a dream. Ah! whither are ye fled ye hours in which my heart rejoiced amid those so dear to me! If his destiny were at once unveiled even to the happiest being, his heart would instantly be paralysed with terror, and his tongue refuse its functions, at the very moment when he was about to call himself the most blest of mortals.

* A bell is fastened to each of the post-horses in Russia

Through-

Throughout the whole way not one cheering thought animated my soul, and at the last stage before we arrived at Twer, my oppression of spirits became so powerful, that I was glad of the opportunity, as Shakspear says, of *weeping out the sorrows of my heart,* opposite the caricatures of the King of France and the Roman Emperor. In such a melancholy light did every thing that had passed appear to me, that—But it is enough—My grief returns. Farewell till Petersburgh! God grant you much joy. Remember your friend, but without any afflicting sensations.

Petersburgh, May 26.

AFTER a residence here of five days, I intend, in the course of an hour, to set out for Riga. I have not spent my time very cheerfully in Petersburgh. When I visited my friend ****, I found him in great affliction; that amiable and worthy man disclosed to me his whole heart, it is more tender than I apprehended, and he is more unhappy than I feared. "My condition," said he with a sigh, "is exactly the reverse of "yours; your principal wish is gratified: you are "travelling to receive and to afford delight, "but I am hastening to the grave, which alone,

"can

"can terminate my sorrows." I did not attempt to console him, but convinced him, nevertheless, of my sincere participation in his grief. "Believe not, my friend, said I to him, "that you behold a man who is perfectly satis-"fied with his fate. If I obtain one blessing, I "lose another, and I am unhappy." Thus we mutually complained of the miserable lot of humanity, or remained silent. In the evening, we usually went together to the summer gardens, where we thought more than we spoke; each meditated on his own concerns.

At noon I went to the Exchange in search of an Englishman, an acquaintance of mine, from whom I was to receive some bills. While there, it occurred to my mind, on seeing the shipping to sail to Dantzick, Stettin, or Lübeck, that I might be the sooner in Germany. The Englishman approved of my intention, and procured a captain for me, who intended to sail in a few days for Stettin. The business appeared completely settled, but it turned out quite the reverse; I was informed that it was necessary my passport should be signed at the Admiralty. I went thither, but it was refused to be signed in consequence of its having been granted by the government of Moscow, and not of Peters-

 burgh;

burgh; and likewise because it was not specified that I intended to go by sea. My representations were fruitless; I was perplexed how to proceed, and at length, as I was compelled either to travel by land or take out another passport in Petersburgh; I resolved upon the former, and ordered post-horses, which are already at the door, and therefore I will wish you every blessing. When shall I be happy again! Hitherto I have experienced nothing but grief.

Riga, May 31.

I ARRIVED here yesterday, and took up my residence at the *Hotel de Petersbourg*. The road was extremely bad, and to add to my unpleasant sensations, with the cause of which you are sufficiently acquainted, the rain descended in torrents. I was under the necessity of frequently changing carriages, and I never had a good kibitka; every thing was a fresh source of vexation, I was convinced that I was every where charged exorbitantly; at every stage I was obliged to submit to tedious delays, but no where was I more angry than at *Narva*. I entered that town wet through; my bedding and all my things were covered with dirt; with great difficulty I procured two packing-mats to shelter myself

myself as much as possible from the rain; I was obliged, however, to pay for them as much as if they had been leather. I procured at last a miserable kibitka and horses, but had scarcely proceeded half a werst before the axle-tree broke, and the kibitka came down with me in the mud. My servant, Elias, on horseback, accompanied by the coachman, returned to the town for another axle-tree, while I was compelled to remain exposed to a heavy rain; but this was not all, a police officer arrived and vented his spleen on me, because my kibitka lay in the middle of the road. "Put it in your "pocket." cried I to him, with an affected *sang froid* and wrapped my cloke about me. God only knows the state of my mind at that moment; certainly all pleasing ideas of travelling were banished from it. O! had it then been possible, my friends, to have transported myself to you! I silently execrated those restless wishes of the human breast which hurry us away continually from one object to another, from true enjoyments to those which are illusive, as soon as the former cease to be new to us. Our imaginations are attracted by deceitful appearances, and we are instigated to seek for pleasure in the uncertainty of future events.

Every

Every thing has its limits. When the huge wave dashes against the shore, it returns and precipitates itself into the deep abyss, though but just before it appeared to touch the skies.—Just in the moment when my heart was full of affliction, a well dressed youth about thirteen years of age, approached, and said in German, with a pleasant and good-natured smile; "Your kibitka "is broken down, I pity you my dear friend; "come to our house, if you please, my father and "mother have sent to invite you." "I thank you "Sir, but I cannot quit my kibitka, and besides "I am in my travelling dress and wet through "and through." "We will send somebody to take "care of your kibitka, and who notices the dress "of a traveller. Come, good Sir, come with me." These words were accompanied by so inviting a smile, that I could no longer help wringing the water from my clothes and showing my intention of going with him; I took him by the hand, and we ran together as fast as we could to a large stone mansion, where I found in an apartment on the first floor a numerous family assembled round the table. The mistress of the house was pouring out tea and coffee; they received me with such cordiality, and invited me with so hearty a welcome, that I forgot all my vexations.

tions. The master, an elderly man, in whose countenance the goodness of his heart was delineated in strong characters, questioned me respecting my travels with an air of manifest sincerity, and a young man his nephew, who had not long returned from Germany, gave me directions for travelling in the most advantageous manner from Riga to Königsberg. Here I remained above an hour, during which time my people had returned with an axle-tree, and every thing was quickly adjusted. "Stop a "moment, Sir, said they," and the mistress of the house brought me three loaves in a dish. "They say, our bread is good, please to try it. "God be with you, interrupted her husband, "shaking me by the hand." I thanked him with grateful tears, and expressed my wishes, that he might in future often have the satisfaction of cheering distressed travellers far distant from their friends, by his hospitality.

Hospitality! sacred virtue, which in the early ages of mankind was so universal, and in our days is become so rare, whenever I forget thee, from that moment may my friends forget me! I should then deserve to be a houseless wanderer through life and never to meet with another *Kramer!* I took my leave of this amiable

ble family, stepped into my kibitka and drove away highly charmed with the treatment I had experienced from these benevolent creatures.

The post from Narva to Riga is called the German Post, because the Post-Commissaries at all the stations are Germans, but the post houses are the same small buildings constructed of wood and divided into two equal partitions, one of which is for travellers and the other is inhabited by the post-commissary, of whom you may procure whatever is requisite to satisfy hunger and thirst.

The stations are not very long, some only from ten to twelve wersts; the postillions are old discharged soldiers, some of whom still recollect *Münich* they are so fond of chat that they forget to drive the horses, and I have in consequence been five days on the road from Petersburgh hither. At Dorpat I was under the necessity of passing the night, because Mr. S—, who came from Italy, had hired all the horses; I conversed above half an hour with this gentleman, and found him an agreeable and estimable man; he frightened me by his description of the sandy Prussian roads, and advised me rather to travel through Poland to Vienna, but I am determined not to change my

course.

course. After taking leave of him I threw myself on the bed, but was unable to sleep: at length the Livonian came and informed me that my kibitka was ready.

I perceive no difference between the Esthonians and the Livonians, excepting their language and dress. The former wear black and the latter grey clothes; their language is quite different, the Livonians have many of the German and some Slavonian words; I have noticed that they pronounce all their German words very soft, and this seems to argue that they have a very refined and delicate ear. But when we observe their slowness, laziness, and awkwardness, we must be satisfied of their being blockheads. Those noblemen with whom I had an opportunity of speaking on the subject, reproached them with laziness, and called them a nation of drones, who would do nothing but by compulsion, and probably not a little compulsion is employed, for they labour very hard, and a peasant in Livonia or Esthonia yields his master four times as much profit as one of our Casan or Simbirsk peasants. These poor people, who work the whole week through penury and compulsion, are at the same time extremely merry on holidays; of those, alas! they have however but few in their calendar.

The

The inns, or public houses, with which the roads are lined, were as we passed usually crowded with jocund peasants celebrating Whitsuntide. Noblemen and peasants all profess the Lutheran religion. Their churches are similar to ours, except, that upon their steeples stands a cock, instead of a cross, in remembrance of the fall of St. Peter. Service is performed in their own language, but all the ministers understand German.

This country possesses scarcely any beautiful prospects; nothing meets the eye but woods, sand and morasses. There are neither high mountains nor extensive plains, and the eye seeks in vain for villages, such as there are with us; there stand, perhaps, two cottages together, here three or four surrounding a church. The houses of the peasants are larger than with us and are commonly divided into two equal parts, one is the dwelling house, and the other a barn. Those who travel without post-horses resort to the inns; I have not however met with a single traveller, so completely unfrequented is the road at present. I can say but little of the towns, as I have not stopped in any of them. In *Jamburg*, a little town or borough, is a considerable stone building. The German part of *Narva*,

or

or Narva properly so called, consists mostly of stone houses; the other part, which is separated from it by the river, is called Iwangorod. In the former every thing is in the German fashion, and in the latter in the Russian; here was once our boundary. O great and immortal Peter!—When I saw Dorpat, I exclaimed with delight: what a beautiful town! It was all festivity, the men and women walked arm in arm about the town, and in the adjoining meadows were to be seen many a chearful pair.

The principal minister here is brother to the unfortunate Lenz. He is beloved by every one, and possesses a very good income. Does he remember his brother?—I spoke about him to an amiable and sensible Livonian nobleman; "Ah," my dear sir, said he, sighing, "what procures "one man glory and riches renders another "miserable. Who cannot perceive on reading "the poems and all the writings of Lenz, from "his sixteenth to his twenty-fifth year, the "dawning of a great genius? Who does not "fancy that he beholds another Shakspear or "a new Klopstock? But dark clouds have ob-"scured the bright promise of the morn, and "the sun rose not! That sensibility, without which "Shakspear would never have been Shakspear,

" nor Klopstock Klopstock, hath caused his " downfal. Under other circumstances Lenz " would have become immortal."

The nearer I approached Riga the more it appeared to be a place of great trade; numerous shops, the streets thronged with people, the river covered with shipping of different nations, and the exchange crowded. I heard German spoken every where, and occasionally Russian; but every where they reckon by the dollar and not the ruble. The town is not very elegant; the streets are narrow, but the houses are of stone and tolerably handsome. The landlord of the inn at which I stopped was extremely officious: he carried my passport to the police office himself, and procured a coach which I hired for thirteen ducats, from hence to Königsberg. In company with me travels a French merchant, who has hired of the same jobber four horses for his travelling carriage. I shall send Elias back to Moskow from this place. My dear friends, I never cease thinking of you. I am still in Russia, and yet I seem to have been in a foreign country, having left you so long ago. May you continue to enjoy health and happiness! I shall write to you on the road to Memel, and send off my letter when I arrive there.

At an Inn in Courland, June 1.

I HAD not finished my last letter before the horses were put to the coach, and the landlord came to inform me that the gates would be shut in half an hour. I was however determined to finish the letter though I had to pay my host, pack up my things and charge Elias with some commissions. The landlord brought his bill which amounted for the twenty-four hours to above nine rubles. I had not time to run over the multitude of items; I had consequently nothing to do but to pay. I cannot help wondering, however that I forgot nothing in so great a hurry. At length every thing being ready, we drove out of the gate, where I took leave of the good hearted Elias who returned to you.

It began to grow dark. In the suburb our coachmen stopped for a short time, during which being willing to have something to do, I bethought me to count my ducats; three or four people, who were passing, inquired of me "whither I was travelling? I replied, to England;" they were much surprized that any one could resolve to undertake so long a journey, and congratulated me upon it.

A kibitka soon after passed us at full speed, and two young Germans sitting on the sides of it with bottles and pipes in their hands, called out to me "good evening sir;" we immediately followed them.

The evening was still and the air cool, I fell asleep and consequently made no observation till I arrived at the inn where we were to pass the night. When I awoke I observed that along with our kibitka stood another in the covered part of the yard: it was the same which had passed us in the suburb of Riga. I felt a satisfaction, as I said to myself, "there "must of course be more travellers," and instantly fell asleep again. The beams of the rising sun awaked me; when we set off again and arrived at a small house with a bar by the side of it; which is the frontier. I went, accompanied by the Parisian merchant, to the major who received us with much civility, and gave us permission to proceed on our journey, after having inspected our passports and baggage.

We now entered Courland and the idea of being out of my own country, produced a singular sensation in my mind. I gazed at every thing that presented itself with particular attention; notwithstanding the objects were quite common, I experienced a degree of joy such

as I never felt since my departure from you. We very soon came in sight of *Mittau*. Although the view of this town is not very captivating, it proved enchanting to me. "This is the first "foreign town" thought I, and my eyes looked eagerly around for something new and extraordinary. On the banks of the river Aa, which we crossed on a raft, stands the palace of the Duke, which is not small, but by no means magnificent, at least externally. Almost all the windows were either broken or taken out, and workmen were repairing the inside.

The Duke resides at his country seat, not far distant from Mittau. The banks of the river are entirely covered with timber, which yields an exclusive traffic to the Duke, and affords him a great revenue. The soldiers, as they mounted guard, appeared, to judge by their looks and clothing, to be invalids. As to the town, it is pretty extensive but not handsome. Almost all the houses are small and very far from elegant. The streets are narrow and badly paved; here and there are gardens, and also vacant places.

No sooner had we set foot in the inn, which is considered the best in the place, than a number of Jews surrounded us with various

trifles. One offered a pipe, another an old Lutheran Prayer-book and Gottsched's Grammar, the third a telescope and every one assured us that he would sell his wares at the lowest prices "to such gentlemen."

The German travellers who arrived in company with us, visited their acquaintance. The French lady who travels with the Parisian merchant, and who is about forty-five years of age, repaired to the looking glass to adjust her grey locks; and I went out, after ordering dinner, to view the town, in company with the merchant. In our round we saw a young officer exercising some old soldiers, and heard a whimsical old German woman, in a house scolding her intoxicated husband, a shoemaker. On our return we dined with the best of appetites, and found sufficient time after dinner both to gratify our desire of conversation and to drink our tea and coffee. I learnt of my fellow traveller that he was a native of Italy, but that in his youth he went from his native land to Paris for the purpose of devoting himself to commercial pursuits. He has travelled through many countries and went to Russia partly on business and partly to ascertain the degree of cold which the winter occasions there; he is now going back

to Paris, where he intends to reside the remainder of his life. Our fare at the inn cost each of us a ruble.

Beyond Mittau the most charming landscapes presented themselves. This country is unquestionably preferable to Livonia, through which a person would have no occasion to repent travelling with a bandage over his eyes.

We met some waggoners from *Liebau* and *Prussia*. What carriages! Prodigious long waggons drawn by six horses of an extremely large size, and hung round with bells, which incessantly made an intolerable noise.

After we had travelled twenty miles we put up at an inn where we passed the night. The yard in which the carriages stand is well covered, the rooms are cleanly, and each contains a bed for travellers. The evening is agreeable, a few paces from the house runs a clear rivulet; the banks are covered with verdure, and at pleasing intervals it is overarched with shady trees. As I declined having any supper I walked after tea by the side of the stream. I beheld from hence the setting sun: this brought to my recollection that one evening near Moskow, walking near the Monastery of Androniew, I observed the same object with uncommon pleasure. Could I then imagine that just a twelvemonth afterwards I

should]

should enjoy the beauty of the closing day near an inn in Courland? I took out my pocket book together with my pen and ink, and wrote what you have now read.

While I was thus employed our German travellers came to the spot and lying down near me upon the grass, smoaking their pipes, began to amuse themselves at the expence of the Russian nation. I ceased writing, and with perfect indifference, asked whether they had ever been farther in Russia than Riga. Upon their answering in the negative, I replied: since that is the case, gentlemen, you are totally incapable of forming a judgment on the Russian nation, with which it is impossible you should have made yourselves acquainted, by visiting only one of the frontier towns. As they did not think proper to defend their assertions, I did not proceed to a more complete refutation of their misrepresentations.

As I perceived from what they said that they took me for a Frenchman, I thought it my duty to convince them of their mistake, but for a long time they would not believe me, considering it impossible that we Russians should be able to speak German and French. Soon after one of them gave me to understand, that he had been in Holland, where he had learned many

fine

fine things. "Whoever would acquire a know-
"ledge of the world, said he, must go to Rot-
"terdam. The living there is elegant, and
"they pass from one part of the country to ano-
"ther in boats. You will see nothing to com-
"pare to it in any other country; I assure you,
"Sir, they made a man of me at Rotterdam."
Oh! thou blockhead! thought I; I rose, and after walking, for a short time, about the meadow, repaired to the inn, where I committed to paper these lines.

Polangen, June 14.

AFTER travelling 200 wersts through Courland; we entered the Polish territory, and are now at a magnificent inn, where we shall pass the night.

We usually proceed seventy wersts or forty miles a day. At the inns we have constantly met with plenty of good eating and drinking, and that pretty cheap. For dinner we generally have soup, and a roast joint, with sallad and eggs, for which we pay twenty copecs a-piece. Tea and coffee are every where to be had, though they are certainly far from excellent. The road is not much frequented. We have met with nobody excepting some waggoners and old fashioned berlins, in which the Courland noblemen visit each other.

For the rest the road is not tedious. Fertile fields, meadows, and thickets are seen on every side, interspersed with small villages or detached cottages. I agree extremely well with the *French Italian*, but I do not like the French lady; neither her physiognomy, nor her dress, please me; however, it is but justice to praise her for cleanliness and neatness. We no sooner arrive at any place than she orders our coachman *Gawrila*, whom she calls *Gabriel*, to bring her dressing-box into her room; she then perfumes, powders, washes and dresses herself, for at least an hour, in consequence of which we are always obliged to wait for her before we can sit down to dinner. We had a long consultation to determine whether we should admit the two Germans to dine at our table. I was desirous to learn first who they were, and at length I was informed that they were wine-merchants. Every suspicion instantly disappeared, and from that moment they have constantly dined with us; but as the Italian and the French lady do not understand German, and the Germans are ignorant of French, I am obliged to be the interpreter between them. The German who became a man at Rotterdam, assures me positively, that he formerly understood French, but a short time

ago

ago he forgot it all, and to convince me and his fellow-traveller of the truth of this assertion, he repeats with every compliment he makes to the French lady: *Obligé Madame.* We were not searched very closely upon the frontiers of Poland; I gave the custom-house officers forty copecs, in consequence of which they only cast a slight look into my trunk, saying, they depended upon my word, that I had nothing but what was allowed. The sea is only 200 fathoms distant from the inn. I sat for above an hour on the shore with my eye fixed on the dashing billows. It was a majestic but melancholy sight, and there was not a vessel or boat to be seen. The fishermen durst not venture out, fearing the violence of the wind might cause their boats to be dashed to pieces.

To-morrow we shall dine at Memel, from which place I shall send you this letter.

Memel, June 15.

I EXPECTED that we should have been stopped on the frontiers of Prussia, but we were not. We entered Memel at eleven o'clock and soon arrived at the inn.

The town is not large, the houses are of brick, but they are handsome and capacious. The

castle

castle is very strongly fortified, notwithstanding which the Russians took it in the seven years war.

Memel is a town of considerable trade. It is situated at the mouth of the Curische Haff, which communicates with the Baltic. The harbour is crowded with vessels whose cargoes consist chiefly of hemp and timber for England or Holland.

From Memel to Königsberg there are three ways. The distance along the shore is computed to be 72 miles, and through Tilsit 120.

Notwithstanding the difference is so considerable, the drivers commonly chuse the latter road, to spare their horses, which suffer exceedingly in the deep sand along the shore. All that go from hence to Königsberg are obliged to provide themselves with an attestation, and at the same time, pay for safe conduct. Our Gabriel paid three dollars, as he said he intended to go along the coast, however, we in fact went by way of Tilsit. Had he told the truth it would have cost him nearly double, because as the charge is regulated by the number of horses, and the distance, he ought to have paid for 120 instead of 72 miles. The third way is by sea, which, in fine weather is undoubtedly the short-

est

est, as you may cross in seven hours to Konigsberg. Our Germans who had hired the coachman only to Memel intend to go by sea.—which will not cost them more than two ducats. Gabriel endeavored to persuade me and the Italian, to whom he speaks by signs or with the assistance of my interpretation, to go with them, but we preferred a commodious and safe journey to an unpleasant, inconvenient, and frequently stormy and dangerous voyage.

We were scarcely arrived here before the custom-house officers made their appearance; and to prevent our baggage from being rummaged we were obliged to make them a small present. We had for dinner some excellent fish, of which there is great abundance at Memel, and as we had been told that the Prussian inns are very badly provided, we supplied ourselves with some good bread and wine.

It is now time to send this letter to the post office, for they are already putting the horses to the coach. How is my heart? methinks you ask me. I thank heaven it has become much more composed; I sometimes think of you, my dear friends! but not with the pain I felt at first; my eyes then wander over the fields and meadows and, I am

often lost in contemplation upon the future, which always appears to promise brighter days. May you continue in perfect health, and remember your pilgrim friend who resembles "the knight of the jolly figure."

At an Inn, four Miles beyond Tilsit,
Eleven o'Clock at Night, June 17.

EVERY one around me is in deep repose; I had also lain down, but, as I found that I could not sleep, I determined to rise, light a candle, and write some lines to you.

I am very happy that I did not come hither from Memel by sea, the countries we pass through being so completely enchanting: here a rich, fertile and well cultivated field presents itself; there a meadow enamelled with flowers; yonder, thickets and shrubs which appear as if distributed at suitable distances by the hand of taste; neat villages in the distance beautify and enliven the scene. *Qu'il est beau ce pays-ci!* exclaimed I, at the same moment with the Italian. It appears as if the soil was in general better cultivated in Prussia than in Courland, and the bread in good seasons is therefore very cheap in this country.

The corn is conveyed by water from Tilsit

to

to Königsberg. *Tilsit* is a small but very neat town, situated in a fertile plain, on the river Memel, and besides its trade in corn, carries on a considerable commerce in timber, which is also conveyed hence to Königsberg by water.

We were stopped at the gate of the town: the guard consisted of burghers, the troops quartered at this place being at a review. A lusty burgher, with a small sword dangling by his side and a broken musket tied with packthread on his shoulder, fiercely advenced three steps and exclaimed with a most terrific voice, "who are you?" Occupied in contemplating his singular countenance and figure, I did not immediately answer him; when assuming an air of still greater importance and rolling his eyes he cried in a more dreadful voice than before, "who are you, sir?" I was obliged to repeat my name several times, at each of which he shook his head, probably wondering at the strangeness of the Russian name.

But the Italian did not get away so easily; in vain he pleaded his ignorance of German to the overgrown burgher, who positively insisted upon his answering every question, which he himself had probably learned by heart, and with no small trouble. At length my assistance was cal-

 led

led for, and it was with much difficulty that I obtained permission to pass. In the town I was shewn a tower perforated all over by Russian balls.

Neither meat nor good bread is to be met with in the Prussian inns. The French lady commonly makes us "*des oeufs au lait*" or omelets, which with milk-soup and sallad, compose our dinner. We drink coffee every day and with this we have been plentifully supplied every where.

We had scarcely entered the inn in which we were to pass the night, before we heard the trampling of horses, and in half a minute appeared a man in a dark great coat with a prodigious hat, and a very long whip in his hand. He approached the table and looked at us; the French lady was just then busy at her evening toilet; the Italian was looking at my travelling map, and I was drinking tea. He took off his hat, wished us a good evening and said to his landlady, who now entered the room, " good evening Lisa! How do you do?"

Lisa, (a meagre woman about thirty.) Ha! welcome Lieutenant where do you come from?

Lieut. From town, Lisa, Baron Von M. wrote to me that he had a company of strolling players with him, " come, brother! said he, these " shall at least afford us some diversion for our " money,"

"money." The devil fetch me! had I known what kind of people these strolling players were, I certainly should not have come.

Lisa. Why? a'n't you fond of plays, sir?

Lieut. O, I am fond of every thing like diversion, and have in the course of my life paid plenty of good dollars for the sight of Doctor Faustus and harlequin.

Lisa. Yes, harlequin is said to be a very merry fellow, but what did the strolling players act sir?

Lieut. A comedy, without any laughable incident whatever; one cried, another made wry faces, the third distorted his eyes, and after all there was nothing humorous in it.

Lisa. Were there many people at the play Mr. Lieutenant?

Lieut. Just as if there were no fools in Tilsit!

Lisa. Were the burgomaster, and his lady there too?

Lieut. Do you think he is the least fool! the thick-headed coxcomb gaped, and his proud rib rubbed her eyes incessantly, just as if snuff had been thrown into them, and slyly jogged her husband several times, that he might not fall asleep.

Lisa,

Lisa. Aye, Mr. Lieutenant, you always were and always will be a wag.

Lieut. (Sitting down and laying his hat on the table by my tea-pot) I beg your pardon, sir; I am tired, Lisa? let me have a pint of beer.

Lisa. Directly, Mr. Lieutenant.

Lieut. (To his servant who then entered,) Caspar! give me a pipe of tobacco (to the French lady) with your permission, madam! perhaps the smoke of tobacco is disagreeable to you.

The French lady. Monsieur! Qu'est ce, qu'il demande Monsieur Nicholas? (so she calls me.)

I. S'il peut fumer.

The French Lady. Dites qu'oui.

I. Smoke sir, by all means, if you please.

Lieut. Ah! madam! you don't understand German, what a pity! pray sir whence do you come?

I. From Petersburgh, sir.

Lieut. I am very glad to hear it, sir, what do they say there now about the Swedes and the Turks?

I. In the old strain, sir, all in favour of the Russians.

Lieut. The devil fetch me! the Russians stand like men; you may depend upon it, sir, that

that if my sovereign had not dissuaded me from entering the Russian service I should at this moment not have been the last in the list of field officers. I have friends every where. My nephew is first adjutant to prince N. he writes to me about every thing. But stay, I will show you his last letter; the devil fetch me! I have left it at home! He describes the assault of Oczakow, 15000 men perished there, sir, 15000.

I No such thing, sir.

Lieut. How sir (with a scornful smile) you were probably present?

I. Though I was not there, I know perfectly well, that only 8000 Turks and 1500 Russians were killed.

Lieut. I am not very fond of wrangling, but sir, what I know, I know (looking at the pint which the landlady had brought in during our conversation) do you understand me, sir?

I. As you please sir.

Lieut. Your health sir? your health madam! (to the Italian) your health! your beer is pretty good Lisa. But sir you call me Lieutenant give me leave to ask if you know why?

I. Because the landlady calls you so.

Lieut. It is, sir, because I (putting on his hat) have

have taken leave of my King, and long ago obtained my dismission, else you would have addressed me now (pulling his hat off again) by the title of General. Do you understand me? the devil fetch me! had I not been over head and ears in love with my Ann! But she certainly resembled the blooming rose, and even now she is not ugly, though she has had four children. Tell me Lisa how you like Ann.

Lisa. Why, sir, you appear as if you did not know that she is handsome. However I must tell you of a good joke; as she was driving by our house a few days since a young gentleman from Königsberg who had passed the night here, he was quite a gentleman, and paid liberally for every trifle, he did not even require much to eat.

Lieut. But where is the joke?

Lisa. This fine young gentleman was standing at the door and saw your lady, she sat on the right side in the curricle, did she not sir?

Lieut. Well! and what did he say?

Lisa. "What a charming lady that is? said he, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Lieut. He was no fool; ha, ha, ha, ha!

I. Then it was love that persuaded you to solicit your dismission, sir!

Lieut. Yes, it was that cursed passion. Caspar the pipe—I expected, to tell the truth, a handsome compensation. It was rumoured that old T. possessed mines of wealth. I thought to myself, she is a fine girl, let us marry. The nobleman gave me his daughter with pleasure, but the dear little creature would not upon any account marry an officer in actual service. "Miss "Ann, said I to her, I love you dearly as my own "soul, but at the same time I love the service." Her beautiful eyes glistened with tears, I walked to and fro in the utmost agitation. I obtained my dismission. What was the consequence? The day after our wedding my precious father-in-law presented me with three hundred dollars instead of the treasure I had expected! A pretty portion indeed!

But what could I do? I reasoned closely, and certainly used the most convincing arguments. We afterwards concluded an eternal peace over a bottle of old Rhenish. In fact the old gentleman was a very good sort of man, God bless him! We lived in perfect friendship: he died in my arms and left me an estate.

But it is high time to put an end to this dialogue, which already fills several pages. The communicative Lieutenant had told us by ten o'clock

as much as would fill a volume, all of which I shall leave behind with him, out of pity to Gabriel's horses. Amongst other things, he recommended to me, as he heard that I intended to travel with the common post to Königsberg; first, always to take my seat in the middle of the coach; secondly, if any ladies should chance to accompany me on my journey, always to treat them with tea and coffee the whole way; and lastly, he advised me to travel to a good purpose, as Baron Trenk did, with whom he pretended to have been intimately acquainted. The Lieutenant at length struck his pipe against his boot, mounted his horse, and followed by his Caspar, hastened away, crying out to me, a pleasant journey sir!. What is there too trifling to be committed to paper in those hours when sleep forsakes us !

Farewel till Königsberg.

Königsberg, June 19.

I ARRIVED here yesterday morning at seven o'clock, my dear friends, and have put up at Mr. *Schenk's*, as did likewise my fellow travellers. Our names were taken down upon entering

tering the gates, and the custom-house officers accompanied us to our lodgings, for the purpose of searching our baggage, which put us to the expence of a few shillings. The moment I arrived I went out to see the town.

Königsberg, the metropolis of Prussia, ranks with cities of the largest size in Europe, it is about fifteen wersts in circumference.

It was formerly one of the celebrated Hans towns, and even now its commerce is considerable. The river Pregel, on which it stands, is not more than 150 or 160 feet broad, but its depth is so considerable as to admit large merchantmen.

The town contains above 4,000 houses, and about 40,000 inhabitants; how small a number compared to its size! Yet it appears extremely populous on account of the number of strangers who have arrived here in consequence of the annual fair, which commences to-morrow. I saw several elegant mansions, which cannot, however, be compared with the palaces of Petersburgh and Moskow, although Königsberg, upon the whole, is better built than Moskow.

The number of troops quartered here is so great that regimentals are every where seen.

The

The Prussian soldiers do not appear to be better clothed than ours, and their hats in particular, having only two sides, by no means please me. The dress of the officers, however is extremely neat, though, (excepting the captains) they have very little more pay than ours. I always understood that in the Prussian service there were not such youthful officers as with us; but I have seen at least ten here, who were certainly not more than fifteen years of age: they were, however, only ensigns and lieutenants. The regimentals are dark blue, light blue, and green, with red, white, and orange facings.

Yesterday I dined at the inn, which was crowded with old majors, clumsy captains, bulky lieutenants, and beardless ensigns. The subject of their conversation was the last review, and officers jokes overflowed on all sides: for instance: "What is the reason captain that "you keep your shop shut all day? Probably "you employ yourself with something besides "writing of letters? Ha, ha, ha, ha!" You are right, the backward way, all the world know what I do;—but as to the rest they behaved with great civility. Our French lady no sooner made her appearance than they all rose, and during

during dinner they paid her more attention than even French Cavaliers. Notwithstanding the utmost mirth and harmony prevailed, I thought it would be better, another time, to dine in my own room, where the aromatic perfume of plants and flowers heightened the relish of my German soup..

Yesterday afternoon I paid a visit to the celebrated Kant, an acute and profound philosopher, who overthrew Mallebranche, Hume, Leibnitz, and Bonnet; Kant, whom the Jewish Socrates, the late Mendelssohn called the "*all crushing Kant.*" I had no letter of recommendation, but boldness which takes towns, opened the philosopher's door for me.

I was received by a short slender person of an extremely delicate and pale complexion. I told him I was a Russian nobleman whose motive for travelling was merely to become acquainted with a few celebrated and learned men; and that this was my reason for visiting Kant. He pressed me to sit down, and then addressed me as follows: "It is impossible that my works should please every one; but few are fond of the abstruse metaphysical discussions, which have employed my hours." We first conversed for about half an hour upon various subjects,

travels, the Empire of China, discoveries of new countries, &c. I was not a little surprised at his geographical and historical knowledge, which alone would be sufficient to fill the whole storehouse of the human memory. We afterwards discoursed upon the moral nature of man, and I have preserved the following observations which I collected from his opinion on that subject.

"Our destiny is activity. Man is never per-
"fectly satisfied with what he possesses, but is
"continually striving for something more; death
"overtakes him, while eagerly pressing forward
"upon the road that leads to the attainment of
"his wishes. Give a man all that he desires,
"and even in the very moment he obtains it,
"he will yet feel that this *all* is *not all*. As we
"here see no bounds to our efforts, we presume
"upon a future state, where the mystery will be
"unravelled; and this reflection is the more
"agreeable to the human being, the less pro-
"portion there is between joy and sorrow, en-
"joyment and disgust. For my own part I
"feel myself enlightened by the reflection, and
"being already upwards of sixty, the end of
"my present life cannot be far distant, when
"I hope to enter into a better. I can reflect

"on

" on the past enjoyments of life without grati-
" fication; but when I contemplate those op-
" portunities which I have embraced of acting
" according to the moral law, written in my
" heart, I feel the most pure and sublime plea-
" sure; I call it a moral law, others call it
" conscience, the sense or feeling of right and
" wrong; it may be called just what we please,
" but it exists; for instance, if I affirm falsely
" and no one knows that I have done so, yet I
" feel shame within myself. Truly the future
" life is a probability, but no certainty; how-
" ever, when we take all circumstances into
" consideration, reason commands us to believe
" it. What would become of us were we to see
" it, as I may say, with these eyes? Should
" we not in all probability be abstracted through
" its charms from the proper use of the present?
" But when we talk of destiny and a future life,
" we pre-suppose the existence of an eternal
" creative being who formed every thing for a
" good purpose. What? How? On this point
" the greatest, the wisest of mankind must con-
" fess their ignorance. Reason extinguishes
" her torch, and we remain in darkness. Our
" imagination, indeed, can wander in this ob-
" scurity and create phantoms."

Venerable man! Forgive me for having disfigured thy thoughts in these lines!

He knows Lavater, and has corresponded with him. "Lavater, he observes, is extremely "amiable from the goodness of his heart, but "his uncommonly lively imagination dazzles him "with illusions, and causes him to believe in "Magnetism and things of that kind." I mentioned his enemies, "you will learn to know them," said Kant, "and you will find that both he and they are good men."

He wrote down for me the titles of two of his works which I have not yet read, "Criticism of practical reason" and "the metaphysics of manners." This slip of paper I shall keep as a precious memorandum.

As he put my name down in his pocket book, he wished that at last all my doubts might be removed and then we parted.

This, my friends, is a short description of an interview highly interesting to me and which continued for above three hours.

Kant talks quick, low, and unintelligibly, and I had the greatest difficulty to understand what he said. His house is small, and every thing about him is common, except his metaphysics.

The

The cathedral church here is magnificent. I viewed in it with great attention, the ancient weapons, coats of mail, and helmets of the most renowned of the Margraves of Brandenburgh and the boldest hero of his age. Where are ye, thought I, ye dark ages of barbarism and heroic atchievements? Our enlightened period retreats with terror before your gloomy obscurity. The Sons of inspiration alone ventured to call forth your shadows from the abyss of the past (like Ulysses who summoned to the light the shadows of his friends from the dark mansions of death) to preserve in their sublime compositions the remembrance of the wonderful vicissitudes of nations. Thus I gave a loose to my imagination for above an hour, as I leaned against a column. Upon the wall is represented the pregnant wife of the Margrave, who forgetting her situation, throws herself upon her knees and solicits heaven to preserve the hero, who was about to take the field against his enemies. It is a pity that the artist has not done justice to the subject. Numerous standards of various colours, trophies of the Margrave, are likewise to be seen here.

A French servant whom I hired, and who served me for a guide, assured me, that from this place a subterraneous passage leads to an ancient

 Church

Church, above eight miles distant from the town and shewed me a small door with a stair-case which appeared to lead under ground. Is this true or not? I cannot determine, but this I know, that in the middle ages many such passages were made to protect property and life from the arm of power.

Last night I parted from my fellow-traveller F. whose friendship I shall never forget; I know not how he felt, but I found the parting very painful. He set off in company with the French Lady for Berlin, where I may possibly see him again.

I was to-day with our Consul Mr. I——who received me with great kindness; he told me many things that gave me great pleasure: he has resided in Germany a long time, and speaks the language perfectly well, notwithstanding which he has not acquired any of the German manners, but retained his national Russian character.

He gave me a letter to the Director of the Post, wherein he requested him to order the best seat in the post coach to be reserved for me.

By mere accident, I yesterday commenced an acquaintance with a young itinerant Frenchman, who pretends to be one of the most skilful dentists in

the

the world. Hearing that French Travellers had arrived at Mr. Schenk's, he came with a load of compliments to pay his respects to Mr. F—— I happened to be there, and this led to our acquaintance. "In Paris, said he, there are others of equal abilities, I therefore did not chuse to stay there. I travelled to Berlin, where I cleaned and cured the teeth of Germans, but there you find nothing but misers and niggards: that made me leave Berlin. I am now proceeding to Warsaw; the Polish noblemen, I am informed know how to value merit and talents, I will try them, I will both clean and cure. From thence, I shall go to Moskow, in your country, Sir, where I am certain of finding more sensible people than any where else." To-day after I had finished my dinner he came to me with a bundle of papers in his hand, and assured me that he knew a person's disposition at the first sight, and that he placed the utmost confidence in me. He then began reading to me a treatise upon the diseases of the teeth.

In the mean time, my French lacquey entered the room, and informed me that a Russian courier had arrived at an Inn close by, and that he was a Captain in the Guards: *Allons le voir!* cried the French dentist, and put his treatise in

his

his pocket. We went together, but found instead of a Captain, a serjeant of horse guards, Mr.—— who is going to Copenhagen. This is his first journey as a courier, and he understands not a word of German, at which the Prussian officers who had surrounded us upon the steps before the house, expressed considerable surprise. It is certainly irksome for a person who speaks nothing but French, to travel in a foreign country, as every body does not understand it.

While we were in conversation, one of the by-standers received a letter from Berlin, with the intelligence that the post had been robbed near that town. The postillion and the guard were killed, and several thousand dollars stolen. This was no very agreeable news for travellers going the same way. However, it is probable that after such an occurrence, government will adopt proper measures for the protection of travellers. I wished my countryman a good journey!

In the old castle which is built upon a hill, travellers are usually shewn the arsenal and the library, in the last of which are several folio and quarto volumes, whose bindings are plated with silver. Here is also the so called Moscovite hall, 166 paces long, and 30 broad, notwith-

standing

standing its magnitude, the roof is not supported by a single column. They likewise show here an octagon table which cost 40,000 dollars. I have not been able to discover the reason why this hall is denominated the Moscovite. Some have supposed that it originated from Russian prisoners having formerly been confined there. However, this is not very probable.

Here are several pretty gardens used as promenades, and certainly in large towns places for pleasure and recreation, are very essential. The mechanic, the artist, and man of letters, may here enjoy recreation after their labours, without being obliged to go out of the town; besides the exhalations from gardens refresh and purify the air, which in large cities is never quite pure. The annual fair has just commenced. Every one exhibits his choicest articles, and the streets are crowded. On the steps before the houses visitors are entertained with tea and coffee.

I have already sent my trunk before me by the post. Whoever travels by the common post is allowed to take 60 lb. of baggage without any extra charge. I take less with me. Adieu. My countryman Gabriel informs me that the post will soon set off; he has not yet, (to use his own expression) found any thing to do. I

love

ove you my friends as much as ever; but yet the separation from you is not so painful as at first. I begin to enjoy travelling. I frequently sigh, however, when I think of you, but a gentle wind ruffles the water without rendering it muddy. So it is with the human heart, and at this moment I thank God that it is so. I only wish, my friends, that you may be happy, and under no anxiety respecting me. At Berlin, I hope to find letters from you.

Marienburg, June 21.

THE Prussian post-chaises, as they are called, are not in the least similar to those which we call chaises. They are nothing more than long waggons with two seats, without either straps or springs. I chose a place on the first seat, upon which I put a pillow, but my fellow travellers, a captain and a lieutenant, sat behind on their portmanteaus, on which they had laid their cloaks, and in the end their choice proved better than mine. The captain's servant and the guard occupied the second seat. I had room enough and sat easy. The unpleasing ideas which arose in my mind on surveying our Gothic equipage, were quickly dispersed; for on

our

our passing through the towns, we saw around us the delightful appearance of a public festival: all was gaiety and mirth. The officers, my fellow travellers were very civil, and the conversation which ensued was highly agreeable to me. We talked of the war with the Swedes and Turks, and the captain praised in the highest terms, the bravery of our soldiers, whom he considered not much inferior to the Prussians. He afterwards related some anecdotes relative to the seven years war, containing, of course, high encomiums on the Prussian hero! He heartily wished the king might soon grow tired of peace. "It is time, cried he, high time again to break "loose; our soldiers have been idle too long. We "want exercise! Exercise!" As a lover of peace, I exerted all my eloquence in its cause. I represented all the horrors attendant on war; the sighs, the groans of unhappy victims expiring amid streams of blood; the devastation of provinces, the anguish of parents, wives, and children, friends and relations; the hapless condition of the muses, who conceal themselves, like birds that fly for shelter from the tempest to the embowering thickets, &c. My merciless captain laughed and exclaimed every moment: we want exercise! We want exercise!

At

At length I found that I had undertaken the task of the Danaids, and was, therefore, silent. My whole attention was now directed to the charming countries through which we passed. Our postillion, who, quite contrary to my expectation, kept his horses constantly on the trot, brought us to the next station sooner than we expected. We were scarcely allowed sufficient time for supper. It was a pleasant night, I fell asleep several times, but never slept long; and now I observed what advantages my fellow travellers had over me. They slept upon their portmanteaus as upon a bed, while I was obliged to dose sitting. By day-break we came to the next station, where the captain and I took coffee, which, after such an uneasy night, refreshed us greatly.

The country we now passed through was far from pleasant, and the road extremely bad. *Heiligenbeil*, a small town thirty miles from Königsberg recalled to my mind the time when this country was inhabited by heathen. Here stood a majestic oak a silent witness of the commencement and conclusion of many centuries, and an object of veneration to the ancient inhabitants of this country. Beneath its shade they worshipped their idol *Kurcho*, offered sacri-

fice

fice in strains chanted his praises. The perpetual rustling of the leaves of this natural temple, filled the heart with a pious awe, and this, according to the pagan priests was the proper adoration of the Gods. For this reason the Druids concealed their rites in umbrageous groves, and the voice of the Grecian oracle issued from profound obscurity. The German knights, who in the thirteenth century conquered Prussia, destroyed the heathen altars, and erected christian temples upon their ruins. The proud oak, the venerable sovereign of the vegetable creation, proudly defying the tempests' and whirl winds' rage, likewise fell an innocent victim beneath the destroying arm of the conquerors, which annihilated every monument of heathenism. Tradition says, that it was long impossible to fell the oak. Every axe recoiled from its impenetrable bark as from adamant. At last a hatchet was found, that destroyed the charm, and separated the tree from its root. In commemoration of this extraordinary hatchet, this place is called *Heiligenbeil, Holy Hatchet*. The beer of this town is very good, and the bread extremely white.

Braunsberg, where we changed horses for the third time, is a pretty populous town. We

dined and drank coffee at the post house. "Here "lived and died *Copernicus*," said the captain to me, on our passing through a small town. So, this is Frauenberg? Yes it is. I was much grieved at not being able to view the apartments, in which that celebrated mathematician and astronomer resided, and where he discovered the revolution of the earth round its axis, and also round the sun; it being generally believed before his time, that the earth stood fixed in the middle of the planetary system, which latter opinion, even Tycho Brahe afterwards defended. The system of Nicholas Copernicus consequently revived the ideas of Pythagoras, which the ancient Greeks ridiculed, relying more upon the evidence of their own senses than the opinion of the philosopher.

Copernicus was more fortunate than *Galileo*. Notwithstanding the superstition which every where prevailed in his age, it did not compel him to abjure the truth he had discovered, as was the case with the latter; he died peaceably in his retired habitation; but Tycho Brahe was obliged to quit his philosophical palace and his native land. The sciences have had their martyrs as well as religion.

In the evening we arrived at *Elbing* not a

large

large but a very neat town, and which carries on a considerable trade. The garrison here consists of two or three regiments. The post stopped a considerable time in this place, which afforded us an opportunity of visiting a coffee house, where every thing except the landlord and his guests were tolerably clean. Since my leaving Königsberg I have not seen one well-dressed man. Two were playing at billiards; one of them, about forty years of age, wore a green coat, grey waistcoat, and a greasy wig; the other a young man was dressed in a mixed great coat, and wore a round hat. The former played very ill and was angry with himself at every stroke, which quite diverted the latter, who laughed most heartily at every blunder he committed. He kept looking alternately at us, and then in the glass in order to adjust his dirty and immoderately thick neck cloth. One caricature after another entered the room, and all of them instantly called for beer and pipes. I was completely disgusted, and felt an uncommon irritation of the blood, which probably proceeded from the coffee and the shaking of the post-coach.

When we got into the carriage again, we found a young officer and an old lady, who

both introduced themselves as our fellow travellers, requesting our friendship. We were now somewhat crowded. The officers rejoiced at meeting with a new comrade as it afforded them an opportunity of conversing on the subject of the last review. The old lady was a native of Sweden, and as she found that I was a Russian, she clasped her hands, extended them toward heaven, and exclaimed "Oh! you villains! you ruin our poor king!" The officers laughed, and I laughed with them, but not with the most perfect good humour.

Meanwhile the charms of a delightful evening prepared my bosom for agreeable sensations; rich meadows covered with flowers extended themselves on each side of the road; the air was cool and pure; numerous flocks and herds scattered over the verdant meads, hailed by their bleating and bellowing the setting sun. Young female rustics were milking the cows, and respired the salubrious exhalations of the new milk, which is the chief produce of the surrounding villages. The inhabitants belong, if I am not mistaken to the sect called Anabaptists. These people are extolled for the severity of their manners, their love of peace, and their honesty; they never raise their hands against

their

their neighbours, saying that the blood of man cries to heaven. The silence of the coming night at length closed my eyes. We are now at *Marienburg* where I had sufficient leisure to write these lines. This town is only remarkable for having been the residence in former times of the grand master of the Teutonic Order, who inhabited the castle of the place. My enemy, the old Swedish lady, here left us, and a tall officer, who has got into the coach is now my neighbour. The day approaches. May you continue in the enjoyment every blessing. I shall write to you from Danzig.

Danzig, June 23, 1789.

THE post stopped at the small Prussian village of *Stolzenberg*, which is situated upon a high mountain near Danzig. That city lies in a plain at our feet, so that we can count the houses. The handsome and regular town, the port and the shipping, the white and glittering sails which gliding at various distances upon the surface of the liquid expanse, bounded only by the azure horizon, form altogether a picture which elevates the soul, and such as I never before beheld. In solemn silence and sweet forgetful-

 ness

ness of myself, I remained above two hours motionless, contemplating its sublime beauties. But the splendor of this town has declined considerably for some time past. Commerce which loves freedom is daily sinking under the oppression of a powerful neigbour. As the Carthusians when meeting in the solitary gloom of the sequestered cloister salute each other with the doleful tones of *memento mori!* so the inhabitants of this place sigh with an air of despondency: Danzig! Danzig! Where is thy glory?

The king of Prussia has imposed a very high duty upon all goods exported from hence by sea, from which Danzig is about three miles distant.

The Scotch, who bring their herrings to this town, enjoy in Danzig all the rights and privileges of citizens, because a Scotchman named Douglas once performed some essential service for the town. Those natives of Danzig of whom I enquired, could not with any certainty, declare whether their right is not now limited, or what service Douglas actually rendered. Such a testimony of gratitude, however, certainly does honor to this city.

If I had supposed that the post would have stopped here so long I should have been able to

see

see some of the curiosities of Danzig; but it is now too late; the horses are already put to the carriage. I wished particularly to have seen the celebrated picture by *Eichel* in the cathedral church, representing the last judgment. One of the kings of France, but which I know not, offered 100,000 guilders for it. I should also have wished to speak to professor *Trendelenburg*, to thank him from his Greek grammar, which has already been of great service to me as it will also in future. The most magnificent building in this place is the senate house. Almost all the houses are five stories high, and the extraordinary cleanly appearance of the windows makes them look much handsomer. Danzig coins its own money, which, however is not current out of the town, and even in it Prussian money is preferred. On the west side of Danzig are situated three hills which are considerably higher than the steeples of the city. In case of a siege a battery upon them might utterly destroy the town. Upon one of these hills called *Hagelsberg*, was in former times situated the castle of a robber, who struck terror into the whole adjacent country. Here are also shown the graves of those Russians who fell in the year 1734, when Count Munich

stormed

stormed this city. The besieged knew on which side the Russians would make the attack, they therefore drew all their forces to that quarter and made a desperate resistance. Danzig, it is well known, sided with Stanislaus Leszinsky against Augustus the Third, who was supported by Russia. It was, however, at length obliged to submit.

The officers, my fellow travellers wanted to see the fortifications; but they were prevented by the centinels who threatened to fire upon them. The officers laughed at their excessive strictness and returned. The soldiers are mostly old and badly clothed. The magistates commonly entrust the office of governor to some foreign general who receives a very large salary.

At the first station from Danzig.

IN Danzig our company was encreased by a master of arts, a young French merchant and an officer. For these and the captain's servant, the post-master provided an open carriage in Danzig. The officer got into our post coach, where there was still a vacant seat, which the master of arts intended to occupy, but the Frenchman began to expostulate and prove his prior

prior right to it. In fact the guard decided the question in his favour, because he had given in his name at the post office before the master of arts. The latter entreated us to move a little closer that he might sit with us and at the same time explained in a learned manner, how irksome the company of the guard and the servant would be to him, but his entreaties were unavailing. The Frenchman who was very well equipped for travelling, seated himself in triumph between the two officers and scornfully pitied the poor master of arts who was likely to be wet through, as it just then began to rain. But the officer, our new fellow traveller determined to have plenty of room, and looking sideways at him began to push him. The Frenchman represented to him very civilly, that he was too much crowded. "So much the worse for you" replied the officer sharply, at the same time blowing clouds of tobacco smoke into his face. The Frenchman sneezed, coughed and at last, asked what he meant by it? I mean for you to bundle into the other coach, replied the officer, "Sir!" cried the Frenchman with a haughty look, "Sir!" returned the officer angrily, "I tell you, you shall quit our company." The Frenchman asserted, that he had as much right to sit in the

post

post coach as himself, but the officer who was a very bad lawyer, blew the tobacco ashes and fire from his pipe into his face, observing that "Vesuvius usually throws out flames after smoke!" the Frenchman could only defend himself by turning away from him, assuring the officer at the same time, while the latter pressed the hilt of his sword against his side, that he would on no account whatever quit the post coach. The attack continued, and as the Frenchman perceived at length that his patience availed him nothing, the poor devil with tears in his eyes begged the officer to suffer him to remain till the next station, when he would retire to the other coach. The other officers who had now laughed sufficiently, began to pity the sufferer, and persuaded their comrade to be satisfied with this promise. I also laughed, though at the same time I heartily pitied the poor Frenchman, who however soon forgot what had passed and became as cheerful as ever.

While the horses are changing, a light supper is preparing for us.

As we drove out of Dantzig, I observed the sea glittering at the azure horizon. Nothing else remarkable presented itself to my view, except an extensive *promenade* where however there

were

were but few people, the sky being very cloudy. In the middle of it is a wide road, and at the sides are avenues of trees, for pedestrians.

The officers had agreed to attack the master of arts, but he repelled the first assault so ably, that they were glad to leave him in peace. He is going to Italy for the purpose of viewing the monuments of antiquity and as he informs us, understands various oriental languages. He showed me a letter from Count———, who sent him a copy of the Koran, which had been printed in Petersburgh. We agreed much better together than with the officers.*

Stolpe, June 24, 1789.

TRAVELLERS always inveigh against the rudeness of the Prussian postillions. The King by an order from the cabinet, commanded the postmasters to treat travellers with civility and never detain any on the stations longer than one hour; the postillions also are strictly forbidden to stop on the road upon any account whatever. The conduct of the latter was certainly intolerable,

* I have since learned, that Dr. Rink is a very worthy man and highly esteemed in the republic of letters.

ble, they stopped at every inn they came to, for beer, and the poor travellers were sometimes obliged to wait several hours, or to bribe them to proceed. This order has certainly been attended with some beneficial consequences, though it is not punctually obeyed. We had scarcely proceeded four miles from Stolpe, before we were obliged to wait at least an hour for our postillions who sat quite unconcerned eating and drinking in the inn without attending to our remonstrances. When we arrived here all my fellow travellers went to the post master and demanded that he should punish them. "With a reproof?" asked the postmaster. "With a stick" replied the officers. "I have no right to strike them." "Stupid scoundrel," said the officer, "I shall take that business upon myself," striking the ground in a furious manner with his stick: "Help, help, cried the postmaster, they are going to beat me, they are going to strike me." The captain instantly altered his tone and said, quite mildly, "I shall not beat you, but I shall mention you to the ministers at Berlin." He then left the room and the others followed him. "It shall not stop here," muttered the captain. "No" we cannot possibly suffer it, cried the officers. In the mean time came the postillions,

as

as if they knew nothing about the matter, and asked for money to drink. "Be gone," cried the young lieutenant striking at them with his clenched fist; the captain, however, held him back, saying quite coolly, "we will not be guilty of any misconduct." The postillions went out and the door was shut; but soon after it opened very gently, we all turned our eyes towards it, and saw the head of the post-master. "What do you want?" asked the captain angrily. The post-master ventured to open the door entirely, and bowed, and scraped, and paid many compliments to the captain, assuring him of his high regard, that he knew the major of his regiment perfectly well, and likewise his family; that he was convinced the captain was in the right, and that the postillions who drove from Stolpe, were entirely in his power, &c. The captain became pacified, smiled, and replied to every thing "very well, very well, my good "postillion!" The master of arts and I smiled also, but the officers whispered each other, "The "fool! The coward!" I have nothing further worth mentioning, my friends, except that capital trout and excellent punch are to be had in the small town of *Lupow*. Should you ever chance to come to Lupow, remember that

your

your friend dined there, and be sure to order trout and punch. Here we part from the officer who tormented the poor Frenchman so. The latter remains with us. Adieu.

Stargard, Jan. 26, 1789.

OF *Stargard*, where we supped, I can only say with truth, that it is a pretty town, and that the steeple of St. Mary's church there, is reckoned one of the highest in Germany. We passed through both the small towns of *Köslin* and *Körlin*. In the former I noticed a large square, where stands the statue of Frederick William. "Thou deservest this honor," thought I, on reading the inscription. I cannot determine which most deserves to be called great, the father or the son, though every one honours the latter with that title.

It depends upon the acts by which a prince has rendered himself useful to his country, and not upon learning, wit, and authorship. Who invited so many foreigners into his country? Who enriched it with fabrics, manufactures, and arts? Who peopled Prussia? Who always avoided war? Who denied himself every superfluity, that his subjects might not

want

want the necessaries of life? Who did all this? This did Frederick William, whose statue I saw in this little town, where a kind hostess furnished us an excellent dinner. It would be highly ungrateful to forget such a dinner, and such a good obliging landlady. I, at least, shall not forget you, my amiable hostess! Whenever I recollect the monument of Frederick William I shall also remember thy kind treatment, thy pleasant looks, and thy friendly words.

"Shall we have war, gentlemen?" demanded an old landlord, in Körlin, of the officers, my fellow travellers, "I believe not" replied the captain. "I pray God this may prove true," said the landlord, "I am not in the least afraid "of the Austrian hussars, but I certainly am of "the Russian Cossacks. Oh, what people they are!" "But how do you know them?" Said the captain. "How? Just as if they had never "been in Körlin!" "Nothing escapes these "sharks! And at the same time they have "such a terrible look, that I cannot help trem-"bling whenever I think on it!" "That is a "Russian Cossack!" Said the captain, pointing to me "A Russian Cossack!" exclaimed the landlord, and at the same moment starting so that he struck the back of his head

 against

against the wall. We all laughed, and the landlord groaned. "You shall pay me a little "dearer for this trick, gentlemen!" said our host, taking the coffee pot out of the hands of the maid servant.

I here saw an old castle which belonged to a robber. It is situated on a hill, and is on all sides surrounded with deep trenches, which formerly were filled with water. Here, in the lofty tower sat the mother and her daughter at their needle, and viewed the country from the window, while the husband and father, like a rapacious lion roved through the woods and fields in quest of plunder. "He comes, he comes," they cry. The rattling draw bridges are let down, again they rattle, and are again raised. The robber is now safe in the embraces of his wife and daughter—the plunder is displayed, and the women shout for joy. The unfortunate travellers who have that day fallen into the villain's power, are immured in a deep subterraneous dungeon, where darkness, and a corrupted air almost suspend respiration, and where they are welcomed by the clanking chains. Often has the unhappy father hastened to the broad surrounding moat, and raising his voice, to the lofty towers, "Return me my son and take all that I possess.

possess. His mother, who might excite compassion in the most obdurate bosom grieves day and night; and his sorrowful bride weeps incessantly. Return to the mother her son, and to the bride her bridegroom!"

Cease fancy! said I to myself, and gave a few pence to a poor old man and a lame boy who had shewn me the castle. It has been long uninhabited, and begins to decay!

The cloth is already spread and this dinner is the forerunner of our separation. All my fellow travellers, except the captain, go from hence to Stettin, which is not my road. We shall probably never see one another again, and to confess the truth, this thought gives me no concern. I should not call providence bountiful, were I compelled to live continually with people who converse on no other subject but reviews and things of that kind. Even their language is extraordinary, for though they do not understand French they mix a number of French words in their conversation; and these they pronounce in the most uncouth manner.

Our company is augmented by a young man, who is the son of a post-master, and is going to the university. The officers in jest, called me doctor. Upon his hearing this, he wished to

display his learning to me, and asked me how the Latin word "ratio" was to be translated into German. He afterwards began to talk about the spirit of the different languages, &c. It was really a pity that the master of arts had already left us, otherwise he certainly would soon have stopped his mouth. The officers did not like the learned youth, and endeavoured to make a fool of him upon every occasion. When we arrived here, he pulled out of his pocket an immense pair of spurs, and put them on the table. The officers who thought it somewhat singular, that a young man going to an university to study, should carry spurs instead of books in his pockets, began to laugh. The Frenchman likewise ran with his glass, and viewed the spurs with the greatest attention. The laughter became louder. What do you find particular in those spurs, demanded the captain? "Old acquaintance," replied the Frenchman perfectly serious, "I thought, at first sight, that "I had seen them before; but now I recollect "I have only seen them in the plates of Don "Quixotte." The officers laughed immoderately and the student grew angry. After we had laughed our fill, the captain addressed me thus: "If you should ever publish your journal, pray

"Sir,

"Sir, do not forget the spurs!" "Do not forget the spurs!" cried the rest of the officers, and I assured them that I would fulfil their request.

I must now mention the questions usual at the Prussian gates. At every town and village, be it ever so insignificant, travellers are stopped upon entering or leaving it, and interrogated, Who they are? Whence they come? Whither they are going? Some travellers disposed to mirth, play tricks upon these occasions. They either give themselves ludicrous names, or different ones at their entrance and departure, which often gives rise to strange stories. For instance one calls himself Lucifer, another Mammon, a third styles himself at one gate Abraham, and at another Isaac. I had no inclination for jesting, and therefore the officers, my companions, desired me on such occasions to counterfeit sleep, that they might answer for me.— Once they made me Mr. Barakomenewerus, coming from mount Ararat; another time Aristides, who was banished from Athens; then Alcibiades, who was going to Persia; and at last Doctor Pangloss.

Berlin, June 30, 1789.

YESTERDAY, my friends, I arrived at Berlin, and to day I have to my great satisfaction, received a letter from you, which I have expected with so much impatience. The intelligence, that you are all well has relieved my mind, and made me easy. But why do you grieve? This was not our agreement. If you will in future be so cruel to yourselves and your friend, who in spite of several thousand wersts distance from you, always partakes in your momentary disquietudes, he will in retaliation grieve from morning to night. My last letter to you was from Stargard. We left that place at midnight. Besides the captain, I had two other fellow travellers, an officer, on the recruiting service, and a merchant, of Stargard. I had sat down behind on my portmanteau, and was now able to stretch my legs at my ease, and had my pillow under my head. My back became straight again, the agitation of my blood ceased, the shaking post coach appeared to me like a lulling cradle, and while I considered myself the happiest of mortals I fell asleep. I did not awake till I reached the next station, where we took coffee.

About

About forty miles from Berlin the captain left us. We took leave of one another as old acquaintance, and I was obliged to give him my word that I would visit him in Königsberg on my return if I passed through that town. "We "must at least see one another once more in this "life," said he, shaking my hand "call upon "me and tell me then what you have seen in the "world." "I certainly shall, captain, and I wish "you your health, in the mean time." We then parted. In the last night of my journey toward Berlin, I began to consider what I should do there, and whom I should see. In the night the images of our imaginations have the strongest animation, and thus I fancied that I saw the amiable A—— so clearly and distinctly meeting me, with his pipe in his mouth, and calling out What do I see? Is it you brother Ramsey! Welcome to Berlin!" that I stretched out my arms to embrace him; but instead of my dear friend, who at this moment was so far distant from me I had nearly embraced a drenched female, who was along with us in the carriage. "But how did she come there?" That you shall hear. After sun set it began to rain, and the night was excessive dark. The coach suddenly stopped. The guard who sat by us, looked

looked out and spoke to somebody; after which he addressed us: "Gentlemen will you permit an honest woman to get into the carriage and ride to the next town. She is wet through and through with the rain, and she is afraid it will occasion her to be ill." "Is she handsome?" asked the recruiting officer. "It is too dark to see" replied the guard. "Well, let her come "in," said the officer. The merchant and I had likewise no objection to it. The woman got into the coach and she was thoroughly soaked, so that we were obliged to remove from her as far as we could. The officer entered into conversation with her, and she told him that she had been married to a tailor, had three children, and loved her husband so much that she wished never to part from him. She said further, that she had supped with her uncle, a rich tradesman who dealt in foreign goods, and that she was going home on foot to enjoy the fineness of the evening, as there appeared no probability of rain. Her uncle had given her a book, "The life of Trenck," in which many wonderful occurrences are related, every word of which was true, and had really happened. Her uncle's daughter, a girl of nineteen, sat up a whole night to read this book, and the

next

next night Trenck loaded with chains appeared to her in a dream. She screamed so violently that she awoke her father, who ran with a light to see what was the matter, &c. This is the story of the wet woman. But it occurred to my mind, "Supposing I should not find him in Berlin," and at the same moment a chaise passed us, I could scarcely forbear calling out "Stop! It "is certainly he!". "It is certainly he, thought "I. Farewel my dear friend! A good journey "to our country! You will there see those who "are so dear to me. You will see them, but not "be able to tell them any thing about me!" In the mean time we reached the station. I enquired immediately of the post-master, "who "was in the chaise?" "A Russian merchant "from Riga," replied he; I could have capered for joy at hearing that it was not A——.

At some distance from Berlin commences a noble avenue of chesnut trees, and the road becomes better and cleaner. I cannot judge about the view of Berlin, the incessant rain preventing my seeing it at a distance. At the gate of Berlin we were stopped. A serjeant approached the coach and asked who are you? Whence do you come? Why do you come to Berlin? Where do you intend to live? Shall you stay

stay long here? Whither do you go from hence? I had to answer all these questions.

A noble city, cried I, as we drove through the spacious streets. The coach stopped at the post-office, and I enquired particularly of the clerk, where A—— lived? "Why," replied he, with a coolness which was a complete contrast to my impatience, "he is no longer "here." "He is not here?" "No, Sir," replied he, and continued to arrange the letters. "But where is he?" "He has set off for Frank-"fort on the Mayne; go to your pastor, he will "be able to inform you more about him than I "can." "This is hard," said I, throwing myself in a chair and holding my hand to my forehead. The clerk viewed me with a smile. "You probably thought to find him here?" said he. "Yes, Sir, I thought so, but am disap-"pointed!" With these words I started up and was going. "Stop a moment, Sir," said the clerk, "we must first search your portmanteau."

My portmanteau was accordingly brought and searched: after having given the searcher two shillings, I took a guide to the hotel, *the King of England*. A soldier carried my things while

while I followed, musing thus; so to complete my vexation, he must just set off at the moment of my arrival. It was therefore only a dream when I imagined that I should see him here and what I should say to him. It is painful to deceive oneself in this manner.

"I am sorry, Sir" said Mr. *Blum*, the landlord at the *King of England* in the *Bruderstrasse*, "I am sorry I have no room, all the apartments in my house are occupied. I suppose you know Sir, that the king has visitors; his sister, the consort of the Stadtholder is here. There will now be nothing but gaiety in Berlin, and many of the nobility have already arrived here for that purpose. Would you believe it, Sir! I have to-day already refused to receive at least ten foreign gentlemen." "And what then Mr. Blum?"— "You come from Russia? Yes from Russia, what then? Things wear a warlike aspect with you?" "Yes Mr. Blum, we are at war.— Then all I can do is—"Stop Sir, just this moment a room is at liberty, and you may have it. How do the Turks go on?" "Will you be kind enough to shew me the room and afterwards if you please" "Very well, very well, come with me." He then conducted me to a small apartment, with only one window, "Is it not very neat? Is it not

very genteel?" "I am contended with it Mr. Blum." Soon after the barber came, then the hairdresser, and Mr. Blum never left me, but kept talking incessantly, and at last he even thought proper to tell me what they were doing in Russia. " Mr. Blum, said I, this must certainly have been told you on the first of April, either old or new style." "How Sir?" As you please, I replied, took my stick, shook Mr. Blum by the hand and went out.

Man is created for social life, for friendship. This truth I felt powerfully in my heart, as I went to D——. How much did I desire to find in him some of those amiable qualities of our A——. How much did I wish to esteem him and to converse with him from the fulness of a friendly and sincere heart. I thank heaven, I found what I wished. I found D——, to be an amiable, good hearted and upright man. He loves his country, so do I: he loves A——, and I love him also; he is of an open disposition, so am I; was it possible that we should not soon become intimately acquainted? We chatted till the evening, when he accompanied me home.

We were hardly in the street, before I was obliged to hold my nose, on account of the intolerable stench from the filth of every kind that

is

is thrown into the kennels; why are they not cleansed? or have the people of Berlin no smell? D—— took me to the *Linden walk*, which is certainly a noble promenade; in the middle are avenues for walking and on each side is a paved road. The atmosphere is either purer here or the foulness of the air is corrected by the exhalations from the Linden trees. I at least perceived here not the least disagreeable smell. The houses are not so high as some in Petersburgh, but they are very handsome. A great number of people were walking in the avenues, which are about 1000 paces in length, we went several times up and down them, after which my countryman conducted me to the hotel. I had scarcely sat down in my apartment to drink tea before Mr. Blum appeared with a paper. "You must reply to this" said he, giving me the paper. I observed on it the same questions which had been put to me at the gate, with the addition of one only, viz. through which gate I had entered the town? These questions were printed, and I wrote the answer down beneath each. "This goes to the police office," said Mr. Blum, "and there it will be investigated, whether you made the same replies at the gate as you have written

down

down here. Your arrival will then be announced in the newspapers."

This morning I walked in company with D—— through the town. Berlin in respect to the regularity of its streets and the magnificence of its buildings, is certainly one of the most eleganttowns in Europe. The large squares as *William-square*, the *Place d[illegible] Gens d'armes*, the *Dohnhof* square, contribute greatly to the embellishment of the city. In the first are four marble statues of the celebrated Prussian generals, *Schwerin, Keith, Winterfeld* and *Seidlitz*.

Schwerin holds in his hand the standard, with which he rushed among the enemy at the bloody battle of Prague, at the same time calling out to his regiment, "my lads follow me!" He died the death of a hero and the king lamented his loss more than the slaughter of 20,000 men. When Frederic took *Keith* into his service, he said, "I have made an important acquisition." Frederic knew mankind well, Keith rendered him essential services. It is said that Count Peter Alexandrowitsch Romanzow is like *Winterfeld*. I never had the pleasure of seeing our *Trans-Danubian* hero, and therefore was not capable of judging whether the marble statue of Winterfeld resembles him or not.

not. *Seidlitz*, a bold and courageous soldier, was Frederic's favorite, yet amidst the praises which his services so justly merit, he is reproached with failings, which it is asserted were the occasion of his premature death. He expired not in the field of honor, but on a painful sick bed, and the king mourned, as for the loss of his favorite. In this manner Frederic wished to transmit to posterity the memory of his generals. The youthful warrior at the sight of these statues feels a wish to emulate the heroes, that he likewise may once live in the memory of posterity. I myself love to view the monuments of illustrious men, and thus with delight recal to my mind their noble deeds. On the *Long Bridge*, across the *Spree*, stands the bronze statue of *Frederic William* the great. When the Russians were here, some soldiers for pastime struck this statue with their sabres. I was still shewn the marks which they had made, and the sight of which occasions to the people of Berlin not the most pleasing recollections. We went next to the royal library which is very grand and extensive, but that is the whole I can say respecting it. An excellent anatomical work with representations of every part of the human body struck me particularly. The late king gave 700

dollars for it. Here are also several oriental M.SS. which however I viewed but slightly.— I was shewn also a German manuscript of Luther, but I was not able to understand much of it, having never before seen manuscripts of that age. It is forbidden to lend any books out of the library, however a person that is well known, by a present to the librarian, may procure that indulgence. In this manner D—— took *Nicolai's* description of Berlin home with him. This book I wished particularly to see. The present librarian is *Dr. Biester*, who resides also in this extensive building.

The Company at Mr. Blum's table consisted of thirty persons, officers, foreign and native merchants, together with several opulent Saxon Barons, who had arrived at Berlin to be present at the festivities. Preparations are every where making for the reception of the Princess of Orange, who is to come hither the day after to-morrow, with the King, from *Potsdam*. This and the robbery of the post near *Oranienburg*, engross the whole conversation at present.

Afterdinner, D. brought me a letter from you my friends, and an hour afterwards we went to the Park. It extends from Berlin to *Charlottenburg*, and contains several avenues. Some of these run

length-

lengthwise, some from side to side, and others in a zig-zag direction, intersecting each other. What a delightful scene of recreation! I sought for a long time the walk of which A. once wrote to me as follows.—"I have found in the Park a long avenue which consists of old fir trees. Their gloomy and unchangeable verdure fill the mind with a certain awe. I shall never forget the morning when strolling alone through the Park, I paused suddenly in this walk overpowered by my imagination, which as you know is fond of the obscure. The mild lustre of the morning sun had accompanied me to this spot, but here I was left in almost total darkness. I raised my eyes and beheld before me this obscure path. At the farther end of it only glimmered the light of day. I stood motionless and viewed it for a long time. At length this reflection occurred to my mind:—Is not, thought I, is not this obscurity a perfect representation of thy state, when separated from the body thou shalt pass the unknown bourn? This thought operated so powerfully within me, that I already imagined myself hastening to the distant light liberated from this earthly burthen. Since that time whenever I go to the Park, I constantly visit this avenue, and there I often

often think of you," Amiable enthusiast! I thought also of thee as I approached this walk, and possibly I stood on the very spot where thou recollectedst me.—Possibly thou mayst stand there again, but when I am far, far distant from thee.

There are many coffee-houses in the Park. We went into one of them being thirsty and drank some ale, which however did not in the least suit my taste.

The garden of Prince *Ferdinand* is open to all well dressed people. We entered it from the Park. However, I would not accept of a thousand such gardens in exchange for one Park. The Prince was walking in it and answered our respects to him with a sullen air.

July 1.

After having this morning waited on Mr. M.-- to whom I had a letter from Moscow, I proceeded to the well known author and bookseller *Nicolai*; he lives in the *Brüderstrasse*. He received me with such unaffected civility as I did not expect from a German bookseller or man of letters. "We know you in Russia said I to him "and that the literature of Germany is in no "small degree indebted to you for its improvement

" ment. I have therefore on my arrival in Berlin " hastened to see the friend of *Lessing* and of " *Mendelssohn.*"—" I thank you," replied he smiling, and made me sit down upon the sofa. It is natural to converse with a traveller about travelling. Thus when Nicolai found that I intended to go to Switzerland, he entertained me with a description of the beauties of that extraordinary country, having some years since, been there himself; but he turned the discourse to jesuitism.

I must inform you, that some time ago it began to be asserted in Germany, or more properly in Berlin, (and first by Nicolai,) both in conversation and publications, that there still existed secret jesuitical agents who are using every exertion to enslave Europe again: that *Cagliostro*, and others of that class, were emissaries of the Jesuits, who have been sent into different parts of the world for the purpose of dazzling credulous people by great promises, thus to make them subservient to the private views of the jesuitical chiefs, &c. &c. From this time masked Jesuits have been sought for amongst men learned and unlearned, clergymen and soldiers. Things of a Jesuitical tendency have even been smelt in the works of various authors.

thors. A dreadful war commenced, and the monthly journal published at Berlin, by *Gedike* and *Biester*, was the field of combat for the contending parties; afterwards Catholicism was blended with Jesuitism, and it was then demonstrated that one or other learned protestant was a secret Catholic, and the public was put on its guard against the designs of those dangerous persons. Those who were here hinted at became angry, shewed [illegible] resentment and declared that the people in Berlin were dreaming; and this state of things continues to the present moment. On this subject Nicolai expressed himself as follows :" It is notorious that the Jesuits had connections every where and even their own banks and bankers. Notwithstanding their Society was externally subject to the Pope, their designs were secret, and only known in the interior of the order. Could not the Pope when dissolving the order, have entirely annihilated it? Was it in his power to prevail upon the chiefs or the guardians of their secrets, to abandon their designs? Are all those secret channels which they employed stopped? Have their banks ceased? I have only stated probabilities, and intended merely to turn the public attention to this subject. It appeared as if

my

my hypothesis could explain many strange appearances of the present times. But with regard to Catholicism, every Protestant has reason to wish it may not extend any further. We are capable, thank God, of judging of every thing we can use our reason; but the spirit of Catholicism allows not even liberty of thought and shackles reason. In reading the works of the Germans, you must certainly perceive a vast difference between those written in Protestant countries, and those in Catholic provinces. Which are the most enlightened?"—"This is all very well, said I, but why write with such animosity against respectable men, merely because they doubt the existence of secret Jesuits, and will not believe that the Catholics can be dangerous to the Protestants? To tell the truth, I have not read without displeasure, the answer of Dr. Biester to Garve, who undoubtedly is one of your first rate philosophers, and has explained his opinions with the utmost modesty." "But Garve has changed some of his ideas upon this subject, and we are now on the best terms. We must not believe that the Catholics had ceased to make proselytes. The maxim of their church is known to be, that out of it there is no salvation and they endeavour consequently from the principle

principle of humanity to extend the dominion of their church. In short, precaution was necessary. For the rest, every one must answer for himself. If some have gone too far it is not my fault. But it is also true that many a falsehood has been advanced against us, for which *Stark* and his associates have their reasons.* It is likewise possible, that the cause which commenced with the best of views, may produce bad consequences; but if more good than harm result from it, it must be a good cause."

To-morrow Nicolai goes to a bathing place. "Travelling is a medicine for me," said he. After I had given him my card I wished him a good journey, and he dismissed me with the same politeness as he received me. I am very sorry that he goes away because I wished much to have conversed with him upon many subjects in his leisure moments. I certainly confess my heart can never call that a good spirit in which these Berlin gentlemen

* Dr. Stark is chaplain to the Landgrave of Hesse Darmstadt. He had been denounced by the writers of Berlin, as a secret Catholic, a Jesuit and Enthusiast. He instituted a prosecution against the Editor of the Berlin Monthly Journal, but losing his cause, he wrote a large volume against his accusers.

tlemen write. Where is toleration to be found when even philosophers, the illuminators of the age as they term themselves, display such animosity against those who think otherwise than they do? He is, according to my opinion, the true philosopher, who lives in peace with every one, and even loves those who think different from himself. It is a duty to remark the errors of human reason with a noble zeal; but far be all resentment. Tell the man he errs, and how; but do not rail against his heart, and deny that he possesses any understanding. Oh, men! men! under what pretext do you torment each other. *Lavater* is one of those whom the *Berlin* writers ridicule on every occasion, and he is, according to them, if not a Jesuit, at least a fanatic. I am no follower of Lavater, and differ from him on many subjects, however, I am convinced that his physiognomical fragments will be read, when it has been long forgotten that such a man as the Rev. Dr. *Biester* ever existed.

The exterior of *Nicolai* is not very prepossessing, however there is something in it which commands respect; he is tall, meagre, and of a dark complexion. Lavater says of him in his physiognomy, that his high forehead discovers much acuteness.

With Mr. Blum lodges also a young Swedish merchant. To-day, while we were at dinner, the Swedish Charge des Affaires came and called him out. After five minutes absence our Swede returned with a cheerful smile, and informed the whole company, that the Swedes had gained an advantage over the Russians. The Danish Charge des Affaires, who was dining with us, rallied him for his patriotic zeal. The Prussian officers desired to be informed of the particulars of the affair, but the Swede did not know them himself. "How then "can we place any confidence in your narra-"tive?" said the Dane,* "we will wait for "the confirmation." "What confirmation?" cried the Swede, I pledge myself for the truth of it. The Dane laughed, and the Swede flew into a passion. Mr. Blum, meantime, came to me, and earnestly begged me not to interfere in the conversation. "Why should you mix in it?" said he, "do you not see that the Swede is extremely passionate. God save me! If any "thing should happen between them in my "house!" I assured him the dispute should not go so far. After dinner, however, I could refrain no longer, but went to the Swede, and entered

* In the sequel it actually proved to be a false report.

entered into conversation with him. Mr. Blum immediately flew to us, and looking alternately at me and the Swede, held himself in readiness to extinguish the fire upon its first appearance. But we remained perfectly peaceable; the Swede having been in Russia knew by my dress that I was a Russian. He told us, that at the commencement of the war he had been sent away from Petersburgh, otherwise he should have liked to remain there. Do you complain of your king, replied I, who declared war against us without any just cause?

Mr. Blum pulled me by the coat; he was afraid that I should affront the Swede, but the latter said smiling: kings seldom act according to those rules which regulate the conduct of private individuals. "So says *Frederic*," muttered a Prussian major, who was still sitting at the table. At that moment D. came to me and Mr. Blum was heartily glad to see me going to my room, being apprehensive of a duel.

After dinner I went to the garrison church to see the monuments of celebrated warriors.—There lies *Kleist*, together with *Schwerin*, and *Winterfeld*. Do you know the end of the amiable Kleist, the immortal bard of *Spring*, the hero and the patriot. In the year 1759, at the ob-

stinate

stinate battle of *Kunnersdorf* he commanded a batallion, took three batteries, and led his soldiers towards the fourth under the most tremendous fire of artillery. He lost two fingers from his right hand. He took his sword in his left. A ball crushed his shoulder, he again took his sword in his right hand. But at the moment, when the gallant Kleist was mounting the enemy's battery, a ball crushed his foot. He fell, crying out to his soldiers: my lads do not abandon your king! The Cossacks came up, stripped him, and threw him into a ditch. It will scarcely be credited, but even at this moment he laughed heartily at the singular physiognomy and awkwardness of a Cossack, who was stripping him. He at length fell asleep through fatigue, and slept as sound as if he was in his own tent. In the night he was found by the Russian hussars. They carried him to a dry place, and laid him on some straw before a fire, covered him with their cloaks and one of them even put some dollars into his hand. But as he would not accept of this present the hussar threw them angrily upon the cloak and rode off with his comrades. Towards morning Kleist saw one of our officers, Baron *Budberg*, and told him his name and rank, upon which the Baron instantly

ordered

ordered him to be conveyed to Frankfort, where his wounds were dressed. Here he conversed quite cheerfully with the philosopher *Baumgarten*, some other learned men, and our officers, who visited him. In a few days he died with the fortitude of a stoic. All our officers at Frankfort attended his funeral. One of them observing there was no sword on the coffin, instantly placed his own upon it, saying, such a gallant officer shall not be interred without a sword. Kleist is one of my favourite poets. The spring would not have such charms for me, if *Kleist* and *Thompson* had not so admirably described its beauties.

July 2.

This morning the king arrived here with his sister the Princess of Orange. You cannot imagine with what pomp they were received. All the citizens were under arms, and no army of magpyes could exhibit a greater variety of colours than their line. The only difference between the officers and the privates was that the queues of the former were tied higher. The brandy bottle went briskly round whilst they were waiting for the Princess, and some of their heads already began to come in contact with

each other. The officers went about and exhorted their fellow citizens to support their arms properly. "Of course, of course, cried the latter, we will take care not to fall upon our noses." It was impossible to help laughing at this farce. The merchants dressed in a scarlet uniform, went under the command of a banker, to meet the Princess. And for the pleasure of laughing at the citizens of Berlin, &c. and of seeing the Princess with her brother the king of Prussia, I got perfectly wet through. The fêtes and diversions now commence, and they will probably be followed by a wedding. I am now going to the play.

Ten o'clock at Night.

It is a long time since I have been so agreeably surprized as to-night at the play, where *Kotzebue's Misanthropy and Repentance** was performed. The plot of the piece is as follows: Baron *Meinau*, a man thirty years of age marries *Eulalia*, who is but fifteen. They live several years happily together. Eulalia respects her husband as a sensible man, and he on the other hand exerts himself to please her. But he is suddenly deprived by an unfortunate circumstance of half his property. He is now oblig

* An English translation of this play has appeared under the title of *the Stranger*. T.

obliged to retrench his expences. This new manner of living, of course, is not very agreeable to Eulalia. About this time a young man, who is indebted to the Baron for all he possesses, endeavors to gain the affections of Eulalia. And by what means? Neither by being uncommonly handsome nor through extraordinary understanding, not by being a pattern of virtue, but because he serves every female caprice, anticipates every wish, even before it is formed, flatters her and endeavours to procure her every kind of pleasure. An inclination to constancy must not be expected in the heart of a youthful female. Love for this youth stifles in Eulalia's heart her love for her husband, and blinds her to such a degree, that she forgets virtue, her husband and children, and elopes with her seducer. This stroke was quite unexpected by Meinau. He leaves his house, curses mankind, avoids them, and roves without aim or purpose from one country to another. After having satisfied his passion the inconstant youth abandons Eulalia. Her eyes are now opened. She feels the horrors of her situation, and all the shame and misfortune of her dereliction of virtue. At length, under the assumed name of Mrs. Müller, she enters as housekeeper into the service of the

Countess

Countess of *Wintersee,* and lives in the country, in a continual solitude and incessant grief.— Sometimes she seeks relief from actions of silent benevolence. Chance conducts Baron Meinau to the same village. He resides there for some time, living in the woods, reading *Zimmermann on Solitude,* and execrating every human being. Here the piece commences. Count and Countess Wintersee arrive in the country. Baron Horst the Countess's brother, who accompanies them falls in love with Mrs. Müller, and discloses his passion to his sister. The Countess is fond of her housekeeper, and as she knows that she is not of a low family, she does not oppose her brother's inclination, but even undertakes to open the matter to Mrs. Müller. Eulalia then relates her history to the Countess. "You will probably des-"pise me," says she, "the justice of heaven re-"quires a sacrifice from sincere repentance, I "offer it by voluntarily destroying the good opi-"nion you may entertain of my heart." But the Countess embraces her, and assures her of her friendship. In the mean time Meinau has an opportunity of rendering Count Wintersee an essential service. The latter is in danger of drowning, and Meinau saves him. The Count

sends

sends his brother-in-law to invite him to his house. Baron Horst discovers in the hermit an old friend, and entreats him to relate what had happened to him since their parting. He also makes him promise to visit the Count. Meinau comes, sees Eulalia and instantly falls backward against the door. Eulalia faints, and with this scene ends the fourth act. Horst now learning that Eulalia is the wife of his friend, considers it his duty to unite them again. Eulalia requests him to desire her husband's permission to go home and see her children. Meinau at first will not hear of living with her again. "A woman," says he, "who can once betray "her husband, may betray him again; and "what will the world say of me if I should again "appear in her company?" He at length resolves to see Eulalia for the last time, and then to go with his children, for whom he had sent from town, to a place, where it will be impossible to meet again with his unfaithful, but still tenderly beloved wife. Eulalia comes. Nothing can be more exquisitely tender than this scene. Meinau becomes irresolute. "Villain! thou hast "seduced an angel," he says, recollecting her seducer. Eulalia desires no reconciliation. She considers herself not worthy of such a husband.

But

But at the very moment, when they are bidding each other farewel for ever, the children come and throw themselves into the arms of their parents. Meinau pierced to his inmost soul, forgives Eulalia. She falls, sobbing, into the extended arms of her husband—and the curtain drops. No play ever left sweeter impressions on my mind than this. I will not maintain that it is above all criticism. It appears, for instance, rather singular, that Horst after having learned the history of his friend, desires his good offices with Mrs. Müller. But it possesses so much that is moving and excellent, that the spectator forgets to criticise. *Mr. Fleck* supported the part of Meinau with such feeling, that every word reached the heart. I, at least, never saw his equal. He combines great natural and acquired talents. *Mrs. Unzelmann* represented Eulalia in a manner extremely moving. Throughout her performance prevails a certain tender melancholy, which alone is sufficient to interest the spectator. It is impossible to refrain from tears, when, after having opened her heart to the Countess, she throws herself at her feet, exclaiming, "do not turn me out of doors!" and also when she comes to bid adieu, for ever, to her husband.

I do not think the Germans would ever have had such performers, if they had not had dramatic writers like *Lessing, Göthe, Schiller,* &c. who give such accurate representations of man, copying all the fine traits of his character, without any superfluous decoration or French frippery, which, to a man of pure unsophisticated taste, is intolerable. When I read the works of the immortal Shakespear and the best German dramatic authors, I have a clear conception how the actor ought to perform his part, but when I read French tragedy, I am generally at a loss to discover, how the performer can act well, or so as to excite emotion. When I left the theatre I wiped off the last sweet tear after I got into the street. Believe me my friends! I consider this evening one of the happiest in my life. Let any one still tell me the fine arts have no influence over our happiness! No! I shall always bless the effects of them, as long as a heart throbs in this breast, and as long as that heart possesses sensibility.

July 4.

Yesterday morning at six o'clock I set off on horseback to *Potsdam.* Nothing can be so tedious as this road. It is everywhere a deep sand, and

and not a striking or pleasing object relieve the eye. But the view of *Potsdam* and particularly of *Sans Souci* is exceedingly beautiful. We put up at a certain inn out of the town, and after having rested a little and ordered dinner, we proceeded to the town. At the gate our names were taken down, but they are not so strict as formerly with regard to the other questions and examinations. The late king, who lived in Potsdam required the most minute account of all who arrived in the town. The guards were exercising on the parade, opposite the palace, which is surrounded with columns in the Roman style. The view of the palace from the garden is splendid. The town is throughout well built, the street called the *Roman-street*, contains the most magnificent edifices, which have partly been constructed after the models of the handsomest palaces of Rome. The late king built houses at his own expence, and then gave them away. These noble structures now stand empty, or are inhabited by soldiers. The number of the inhabitants of Potsdam is not very great. The cause is the absence of the court, as the present king prefers *Charlotten-burg*. Might he not dislike Potsdam on account of his having, when Prince Royal, suffere[d]

mu[ch]

much mortification here? Would you believe that you can hire a whole house of two stories for fifty rubles per annum, and yet they remain empty. Cartouch-boxes, soldiers' waistcoats, &c. are seen hanging at the doors of the largest houses. In short, *Potsdam* resembles a town deserted by the inhabitants upon hearing of the approach of an enemy, and where only the garrison remain to defend it. This emptiness is very melancholy and discouraging. In *Potsdam* is a Russian church, which is taken care of by an old Russian soldier, who has lived here ever since the reign of the empress *Anna*. We had some trouble to find him. The infirm old man was sitting in a large arm-chair; and when he heard that we were Russians, he extended his arms towards us, exclaiming, with a trembling voice: God be thanked! God be thanked! He at first attempted to speak Russian, but it was with difficulty we could understand each other. We were obliged to repeat almost every word; but he did not understand the least of what I and my friend spoke together, and would scarcely believe that we were speaking Russian. "I think" said he, "that the language must be greatly altered in *Russia*, or possibly I may have forgotten it." We replied, "that both might be the case."

 He

He then said, "come into the church; we will pray together, though it is no holiday." The old man could scarcely walk thither. My soul was filled with reverence, when the doors of the church were opened, where the profoundest silence has prevailed, and which is only now and then interrupted by the weak sighs and feeble voice of the old man's supplications. He comes hither every Sunday to read in the sacred volume, and to prepare himself for eternity. Every thing was perfectly clean. The vessels and books belonging to the church are preserved in a box, which the old man sometimes examines with prayer. "I am often distressed from my soul" said he, "when I think that after my death, which certainly cannot be very distant, nobody will take care of this church." We remained above an hour in this sacred place, and then took leave of the venerable man, wishing him an happy end.

After dinner we rode to *Sans Souci*. This palace is situated on a hill, which overlooks the town and the adjacent country. What an exquisite picture! Here lived *Frederick*...not the king, but the philosopher...neither a stoic nor cynic, but a philosopher who loved pleasure, and knew how to find it in the fine arts and the

sciences.

sciences. He here wished to combine simplicity with magnificence. The house is small and low, but whoever views it must confess it to be admirable. The interior decorations of the rooms are elegant and tasteful. In the round marble hall the order of the columns, the paintings, and the floor, are particularly worthy of notice. The rooms where the king entertained himself with philosophers, as well dead as living, are wainscotted with cedar. We descended from the eminence on turf steps, which are formed with such skill as to appear from the bottom like a green hill into the garden, which is extremely beautiful, and is decorated with marble figures and groups. Here *Frederick* walked with his *Voltaire* and *D'Alembert*. Where art thou now? thought I...a fathom of earth contains thy ashes. Thy favourite residence, in beautifying which thou employedst the ablest artists, is now deserted and forsaken!...We went from the garden into the park, where, to the left of the principal avenue, is observed the Japan house. Further on, beyond the stone bridge, on each side are beautiful temples. We then saw the new palace which *Frederick* built with truly royal magnificence.... The interior exceeds the exterior in splendor, and the spectator is equally astonished with the

richness of the decoration, as with the exquisite taste which every where prevails. This palace cost the king above six millions of dollars. But unfortunately I was unable to view this noble monument of architecture with sufficient attention. My blood was feverish. I had the headache, and was scarcely able to stand upright. We therefore left *Sans Souci*, and rode back to the inn where we had dined, for the purpose of resting a little.

It drew towards evening, and we were obliged to think of returning...a glass of wine and water had refreshed me. We took the road to *Berlin* by way of *Charlottenburg*, because I wished to see that town. My friend had never been this way before, but every body assured us it was impossible to miss the road.

The farther we went, the worse I grew. I got off my horse at least half a dozen times, to rest myself on the grass. At last the night overtook us in an extensive wood; and I now became so weak that I could neither ride nor walk any farther. I lay down with my eyes shut, as if half dead, beneath a tree. Profound silence prevailed in the wood. My friend stood beside me, and held both horses, considering what he should do with me. At last, he concluded to leave me, to

seek

seek some village in the neighbourhood, where he might procure a carriage to convey me to *Berlin*. But how was I to remain alone, and so weak, in a wood, at night? If people were to find me in this situation what would they think? What might they not do with me? I carried my whole property with me; and how, if they were to rob me? In short, I entreated my companion not to leave me. Thus above an hour passed away. I then rose, pressed my dear friend's hand, and assured him I was much better. We walked a quarter of a mile, and then mounted our horses again. An insupportable thirst tormented me; and I would with pleasure have given the half of the contents of my purse for a glass of water We were still some distance from *Chalottenburg*. We several times imagined we saw it; we rode further, and saw nothing but woods and darkness. At length we arrived there, and I swallowed a glass of cold water with greater eagerness than ever I did before in my life. We were yet four miles from *Berlin*; and, as I wished to get home, we proceeded through the avenues of the park. The moon rose behind us. Her mild, silver light glimmered through the verdant foliage. The calm pure air was impregnated with the fragrant odors of the linden-trees. And could I complain in

such a moment, when the common mother, Nature, bountifully dispensed her gifts around me? This night, my friends, will be ever memorable to me!...The gate was already shut, when we entered *Berlin*; however, they opened it for us. I awoke this morning perfectly well, and when I was dressed went to Mr. *M.* He introduced me to the secretary of the academy of *Berlin*, Mr. *Formey*; who received us very politely. This old man is still lively and cheerful. He read us a letter which he had received from *P.* from one of his relations; who every week writes him a long letter. "You cannot conceive," said he, "with what pleasure I read all this." Mr. *Formey* was acquainted with *Voltaire*; and he told us several anecdotes relative to his residence in *Berlin*. Next Thursday there will be a meeting of the academy, to which Mr. *F.* kindly gave me an invitation. We then went to his son-in-law, Mr. *M.* a professor, who keeps a large boarding-school, and is also member of the academy. He shewed us the collection of minerals and the library of *Frederic*'s sister. It consists of English, French, Italian and German books of philosophy, history, and poetry.

After dinner I had the honour of being presented to *Count N.* who enquired about the plan

of

of my travels. I found with him Mr. *K. R.* who also did me the honour to ask me several questions. When I went home, I wrote some lines to you, my friends! and then went to the opera. The opera-house is large, and very handsome. I saw the whole royal family here, and also the princess of *Orange*, with her daughter. The opera of *Medea*, was performed, and *Todi* sung. I had heard this celebrated singer in *Moscow*; and I confess, perhaps to my shame, that her singing makes no impression on my heart. It is rather unpleasant to me to see how she strains her powers when she sings. For the rest, as I am only a lover of music, and no connoisseur, I am not capable of estimating her abilities. The decorations are magnificent.

....

The 5th of July.

I HAVE to-day visited the German *Horace*, the venerable *Ramler*, one of the most valuable German authors. "Your work," said I, "are reckoned classical by us." He seemed pleased to hear, that his verses were read, and their excellence appreciated in *Russia*. *Ramler* has studied the spirit of the ancient, and particularly the Latin poets. In his odes he displays animation, sublimity, and real

poetic

poetic ardor. He certainly sometimes catches the inspiration from others, and borrows his fire from *Horace* and other ancient poets, but always in a skilful manner. He has already lived through one age of poetry. In his latest productions one cannot help admiring their purity and harmony; or, in other words, the author's skill in the mechanical part of poetry. But they are deficient in poetic fire, which is lost with years.

He himself seems to perceive this; and he now does very little. His principal occupation has for some time been the translation of the Roman poets; in which he always retains the measure of the verses in the original. These translations, which appear in the *Berlin* monthly journal, may serve as a pattern for good translations. He told me he was now occupied with *Martial*. Only a few of his epigrams have hitherto been translated into German. *Lessing* has translated some, but without acknowledging they were *Martial*'s. Even in *Gessner*'s life-time he began to versify his Idyls. "I imitate *Socrates*," said he, in a letter to the author, "who, in his old age, turned *Æsop*'s fables into verse." The more rigid critics are not quite satisfied with his work. They say that playfulness and simplicity peculiar to *Gessner*'s Idyls is lost in the hexameter. Besides,

a certain

a certain harmony prevails in the Idyls of the Swiss *Theocritus*, which is not inferior to the melody of verse. But *Ramler* thinks, as he told me, that *Gessner's* Idyls wanted nothing to constitute a model of perfection, but to have been written in hexameters.

He always reads his verses in manuscript to a lady of his acquaintance; who, though not learned herself, yet possesses great natural abilities.—"Many a time," said he, "I contradict her, when she finds something in my poems that does not please her;" but she replies, "you may say what you will; I am not able to oppose you with arguments, but I rely upon my feelings." At last, upon further consideration, I find that she is in the right; and I plead guilty. This brought to my recollection *Aspasia*, whom the Athenian poets made the judge of their works. They trusted *Aspasia's* ears rather than their own. For my part, I believe that women are more capable of feeling the beauties of poetry than men. *Ramler* disapproves of the Grecian mythological names, which Count *Stollberg*, *Voss*, and others have retained in their translations. "We are already accustomed to the Latin names," said he; "why must we learn something new without necessity?"

He

He is very fond of the theatre, and I was highly gratified with every thing he said on the mimic art.

The celebrated *Eckhof* maintained that an actor need not to feel in order to be a good performer; and, if I am not mistaken, *Engel* says the same in his work on the same subject. But *Ramler* thinks the contrary, and apparently with greater justice. In speaking of the *Leipzig literati*, I mentioned *Weisse*—" *Weisse* is my best friend," said he, pointing to his portrait which hung in the room. At taking leave, he presented me with his ode on the king of *Prussia*; which however is more like a cantata; the substance of which he has taken from the psalms. *Ramler* is tall, meagre, and has a long nose. He speaks in a drawling and affected manner. When I left him I went to the play; which happened to be the tragedy of *Don Carlos*. The unhappy love of the prince for his step-mother *Elizabeth*, who was before his bride, is the subject of the play. The author has, with great ability, delineated the character of king *Phillip*; of whom history records so much good and so much ill;—who, under the pretext of extirpating heresy, shed so much human blood;—who, upon receiving the account of the annihilation of his fleet by tempests, coolly

replied,

replied, "I sent it against the English, and not "against the elements.—God's will be done!"—and bore the disaster with the fortitude of a hero. The noble and impassioned *Don Carlos* touches the spectator to the soul. The spirited and generous marquis *Posa*, the friend of the prince, who revives in him the love of virtue, and his emulation of noble deeds, which his unfortunate passion had smothered, is represented by the author as the model of a truly great man. The piece has a great many moving and extraordinary scenes. *Fleck* represented the King; and I was to-day still more convinced that he is a great actor.

Mattausch, a young actor, supported the part of *Don Carlos*; and he expressed the ardor and fire of that character most admirably. He is, besides, a very good figure. *Unzelman* performed the *Marquis Posa*; but without any feeling! The parts of the Old General in *misanthropy and repentance*, who kills flies for pastime, is far better adapted to this actor than that of the interesting *Posa*. The Queen was also very indifferently represented by a young actress; but, on the contrary, Mrs. *Unzelman* acted the young princess, who is in love with *Don Carlos*, in the most affecting manner. This tragedy is one of the best German pieces,

and

and excellent throughout. The author writes in the spirit of *Shakspeare*; and, like *Shakspeare*, is too rich in imagery; which, although characteristic of genius, is not perfectly suited to stage representation.

Berlin, the 6th of July.

"CONDUCT me to *Moriz*," said I this morning to my lackey. "Who is *Moriz?*" "Who "is he?" "*Philip Moriz* the author, philosopher, the teacher, and psychologist." "Stop, Sir!—Stop! You say too much at once. We must look for him in the directory under one title." He pulls his book out of his pocket. "He is then a philosopher, do not you say? We shall see." The good man's simplicity made me laugh. He turned over the leaves of his directory, which he imagined contained every thing, with such a serious air, and looked for the word philosopher.— "Look rather among the professors," said I; as the title of lover of wisdom is not so well known in *Berlin*.

"*Charles Philip Moriz* lives in ......," "Take "me to him." I had a very great respect for *Moriz*, from reading his *Anton Reiser*. This is a very interesting psychological novel, in which

he

he describes the circumstances that had occurred to himself; his thoughts, his sensations, and the developement of his mental faculties. I prefer the confessions of *J. J. Rousseau*, *Stilling's* History of his youth, and *Anton Reiser*, to all the systematic, psychological works in the world. It is difficult for a man, possessing strong sensibility, and a soul eager after knowledge, to remain long at one point. The boundless activity of his mind requires new objects, and new nourishment.

Moriz, therefore, laid by a few *louis d'ors* from his salary as professor, and went to *England*, and afterwards to *Italy*, to collect new ideas and new perceptions. I have read with great pleasure the detailed, and, I may say, original account of his first journey, which he published under the title, *Travels in England, by a German.* The public knows nothing yet of his travels in *Italy*; from whence he but lately returned.

I imagined *Moriz* to be, I know not why, a man of forty; but I was much surprised upon seeing a young man of thirty, with a fresh, ruddy complexion. "You are yet so young," said I to him, "and have already written so many "admirable things?" He smiled. I staid with him above an hour, and we conversed on a va-

riety of subjects. "Nothing is more agreeable than travelling," said *Moriz*. "All the ideas which we derive from books may be called *dead*, in comparison with those we acquire from observation. Whoever wants to see an enlightened nation which through its industry has reached the summit of refinement, must go to *England*; but whoever wishes to understand the ancients perfectly, must see *Italy*." He enquired about our language and literature; and he desired me to read for him some verses in various measures, with the harmony of which he was greatly delighted. "Perhaps," said he, "the time may once arrive, when we shall learn Russian; but you must first write something excellent." An involuntary sigh escaped from my heart! He prefers the *German* to all the modern languages, because none of them, he says, has so many expressive words. It must be allowed, that *Moriz* is one of the greatest connoisseurs of the *German* language, and, probably, none has investigated it with such philosophical acumen as he. His essay *On Language, in a Psychological View*, is extremely interesting. It has been published in his *Psychological Magazine*. We ought always to seek for the truth, with a combination of powers; it is concealed from the single researches of one,

and

and the fatigued philosopher, often mistakes the shadow of truth, for truth itself. *Moriz* is engaged in a contest with *Kampe*, a celebrated *German* teacher. The latter has called him to account in the public prints, for refusing to fulfil an agreement, with respect to the publication of his works. "I was going to answer him in the same tone," said *Moriz*, "and had already filled two sheets; but I recollected myself, threw what I had written into the fire, and coolly submitted my defence to the public." You are an extraordinary people, thought I; it is impossible for you to live in peace. There is scarcely an author of any celebrity in *Germany*, who has not had a public dispute with some other man of letters, and these controversial writings are read with avidity."—Adieu, Mr. *Professor!*

When I left him, I intended to pay a visit to *Engel*, the author of the *Philosopher of the World*, and of the *Mimick Art*; but, alas! I did not find him at home. After dinner, I went to the *Porcelain-manufactory*; which, in regard to the clearness and solidity of the materials, is equal to any in *Europe*. I was shewn a great number of excellent specimens; at sight of which it was impossible not to admire the dexterity of human hands.

The *Cousin* of *Lisbon*, a family picture, by *Schröder*, was performed to-night at the theatre; but I was by no means pleased with it; perhaps because it was badly performed. The after-piece was the *Two Hunters*, a farce. In this piece, the actress who performed the *Queen*, in *Don Carlos*, was transformed into a *Milkmaid*. What a contrast! However, she acted the *Milkmaid* incomparably better than the *Queen*.

Berlin, the 7th of July.

THE manners of the inhabitants of *Berlin* are very much decryed. *Zimmermann* calls *Berlin Sodom* and *Gomorrha*; but it is not yet destroyed; the wrath of *Heaven* has not yet reduced it to ashes. The truth is, that *Zimmermann*, when he wrote this, probably forgot, that there are scabby sheep in every flock, and that it is impossible to judge from these of the whole. It is difficult to compare the virtue and vices even of individuals; and it must consequently be more difficult to take whole cities into account. In a word, if the physician had not been prejudiced, and certain persons at *Berlin* had not affronted him, probably he would not have written in a manner so unphilosophic, misanthrophic, and so offensive

offensive to the citizen of the world and the philanthrophist.

The number of prostitutes is said to be very great in *Berlin*. If government did not tolerate them, there would perhaps be more lewdness in private families; or it would be necessary to send from *Berlin* several thousands of soldiers, and a multitude of unmarried and idle men, who have not been educated according to *Rousseau's* system, and whose circumstances prevent them from marrying.

I am told, that one evening these bacchantes, like furies, attacked a poor *Orpheus*, who was walking alone, in the dusky avenues of the park. They robbed him of his money and watch, and would certainly have stripped him entirely, if some people had not hastened to his assistance, and obliged these wretches to sheer off. But if I was told thousands of such anecdotes, I should not be inclined to pronounce an anathema against such a noble city as *Berlin*.

The people of *Berlin* are praised for their activity and frugal manner of living. Even the opulent, and people of rank, do not spend their money in useless luxury; but observe the strictest economy in clothing, dress, the expences of the table, and equipage. I have, for instance, seen

 old

old *F.* riding on a horse, on which I should have been ashamed to go through the city; and he was dressed in a coat which was certainly made in the first half of the century. The present king lives, indeed, in a higher style than his predecessor; but all the people of rank, by whom he is surrounded, live on the old footing. Many well dressed young people frequent public places, and the ladies display great taste in their dress.

The 8th of July.

In the streets of *Berlin* stand hackney coaches, as with us the *droschkes* and sledges of the *Iswoschtschiks*. You may go to what part of the town you please for eight *groschen*. Both coach and horses are very good. It is certain, that a traveller ought always to go to the best hotels, not only to be better served, but also to live cheaper. There is a fixed price for every thing, and nobody is imposed upon there. I pay Mr. *Blum* eighty *copecs* for a dinner of four dishes; for coffee, fifteen *copecs;* and for my apartment daily, fifty *copecs;* and the lackey is satisfied with half a *ruble* a day.

I have this day calculated, that the journey from *Königsberg* to *Berlin* has cost me above thirteen *ducats*. One pays with the common post-coach, for four miles, six *groschen*, or thirty *copecs*, besides a trifle to the postillion.

Eight Miles from Dresden, July 10, 1789.

SO your friend is already in *Saxony!* I sent my packet to you from *Berlin*, on the 8th, and then intended to stay at least another week more in *Berlin*, but *l'homme propose, Dieu dispose.* The very same evening I grew so low-spirited, that I knew not what to do. I sneaked through the streets with my hat over my eyes, and counted the stones with my stick. I could not recover my spirits. I went to the park —walked from one avenue into another, but I did not become more cheerful. "What shall "I do?" I asked myself, stopping at the end of the long linden walk, putting my hat back from over my eyes, and looking at the sun, which, in silent majesty, illumined the western horizon. For two minutes I sought an answer in the azure Heaven, and my own soul; in the third, I found it. "Travel further! travel further!" I repeated to myself, and made a flourish with my stick in the air, like Corporal *Trim*, in *Tristram Shandy*, when speaking of liberty. Our sensations were certainly in unison. Yes, good-hearted *Trim*, nothing can be so sweet as liberty! thought I, whilst returning with hasty steps to the city. He who is not yet confined in the cage, but, like the birds of Heaven, can be

here

here or there, may still be satisfied, with his existence, and be happy....He *must* be happy.

I therefore resolved to proceed on my journey the next day, without waiting for the meeting of the academicians of *Berlin*. I ought certainly to have visited Mr. *K*. who had invited me through Mr. *M*.; but this was not sufficient to detain me. I spent the last evening very agreeably in company with the amiable *D*. and the next day I packed up my trunk, paid Mr. *Blum*, and set off for *Saxony*. I travelled with the common post-coach, which is here an open vehicle. My companions were two students, and a merchant of *Leipzig*.

On the second stage I took extra post. The cursed post-coach had so shaken me, that I still feel a pain in my breast from it. Besides this, I got a cut over one of my eyes, and have to thank God that neither of them received any injury. The road on the Saxon frontiers leads almost always through woods; and the post-coach being very high and uncovered, the passengers are obliged incessantly to stoop down, that they may not have their brains knocked out against the branches of the trees. I fell asleep in the evening, and received from a branch such a blow as struck fire from my eyes. This induced me to leave the jolly students.

The extra post is almost four times dearer than

the common. For a post-chaise with two horses you pay one dollar for four miles. The Saxon postillions differ from the Prussian only in having blue jackets, while those of the former are yellow. For the rest, they are just as tender of their horses, as fond of stopping to drink at the inns, and equally rude.

The roads in *Saxony* are very bad; and between *Berlin* and this place I have not yet seen a pleasing landscape: however, the country appears better cultivated than in *Brandenburg*; the Saxon peasants are at least more wealthy than the Prussian.

I must, however, describe an occurrence which has left agreeable impressions on my mind.

The post-master of a small town where I changed horses this day at noon, detained me a considerable time. I walked about the yard, and thought—I know not of what. I only know, that the rattling of a coach, which stopped at the post-house, destroyed the thread of my thoughts. I went out, and saw a beautiful, genteel, and amiable young lady, with a most delicate complexion, a neat black hat, and dressed in a green riding habit, with a white pocket handkerchief in her hand, step out of the coach, together with an hump-backed old fellow, with an enormous nose, and who would cut no inconsiderable figure

among

among *Hogarth's* caricatures. He gave her his arm; I took off my hat as they passed me, and bowed to the fair stranger;—but, to tell the truth—not very low, that I might not lose sight of her enchanting face even for a moment. The post-master received the guests in the hall with a multitude of compliments. After conducting them to an apartment, he himself ran for some spring water, which the lady wanted to refresh her charms. The door was shut, and I remained alone in the hall. But might not the door be opened again? thought I, and opened it quite gently. The lady was standing before the looking-glass, and wiping the dust with her white handkerchief from her face, which surpassed it in whiteness. Her fellow-traveller was sitting yawning in an arm-chair. "I beg your pardon," said I, "I have left a book here." The hump-backed cavalier nodded, and pointed to the book, which was lying on the table. The lady turned round, and viewed me with such clear and penetrating eyes, that I should certainly have blushed, if I had entertained any improper thoughts; but I gazed with tranquil innocence at her beauteous blue eyes, her regular Grecian nose, her ruby lips, and the roses and lilies of her cheeks: her charms gave me as much delight as a young statuary receives from a statue of *Michael Angelo*,

or

or a painter from the productions of *Raphael.* She sat down, and I remained standing before her, without taking up my book. "It is a very hot day," said she, with a most agreeable voice, looking at her fellow-traveller and me. He gaped, and I repeated her words: "It is a very hot day." A silence of some minutes succeeded, which I interrupted by asking, "Perhaps you are going to *Dresden*, Madam?" "No," replied she, "we are going to the country to visit a friend; but probably you are going thither?" "Yes, Madam, I hope to be there early to-morrow morning." "Excuse my liberty, but are not you a foreigner." "Yes, Madam." "Certainly you must be an Englishman, because the English in general speak German very well." "I beg your pardon, I am a Moscovite."— "A Moscovite! O my God! I never saw a Moscovite before in my life." "I have," said the hump-backed Cavalier, still yawning. "But pray what brings you to this country?" "Curiosity, Madam." "You must then be extremely curious indeed; for you have probably left much that is dear to you behind in your own country." "Enough, enough, I have left my native land and friends." God knows how far this conversation would have led

us,

us, if the post-master had not returned with water, and at the same time told me that my carriage was ready. I made a low bow to the beauteous stranger; and she wished me a good journey. A fine meadow, a noble wood, a handsome female, in short every thing fine, pleases me, where and in whatever form I meet with it. The figure of the pretty Saxon was impressed on my soul—an additional ornament in the picture gallery of my imagination. At this station I have resolved to pass the night. The clock is now striking ten, and I have directed that I shall be called at four o'clock. I am now going to bed.—Good night.

Dresden, 12*th July*.

It was a charming morning. The birds sung, and the fawns frisked by the road side. Suddenly *Dresden* appeared in view, situated on an extensive plain, through which flows the silent Elbe. The green hills on one side of the river, the majestic city, and a wide fertile vale, combined to form a delightful prospect. I arrived in *Dresden* in excellent humour; and, at first sight, this town appeared even handsomer than *Berlin*. I alighted

at

at the post-house, and after changing my clothes, I went to Mr. *P*—, to whom I had a letter from *Moskow*. He received me very politely, and offered to introduce me to several persons in *Dresden*, whose acquaintance might be of service to me; but, as I shall only stay here three days, and shall consequently not have time to make use of those acquaintance, I could only thank him for his kind offer. We went together about the town. *Dresden* certainly surpasses *Berlin* in the magnitude of its buildings; but the streets are much narrower. It is computed to contain thirty-five thousand inhabitants, which is certainly a small population in comparison to the extent of the town, and the magnitude of the houses. In fact, but few people are seen in the streets, and there is scarcely a house, where there is not a bill with apartments to let. Two or three neatly furnished rooms may be had, at the rate of seven rubles per month. Here and there may be seen marks of the devastation, occasioned by the Prussian artillery in the year 1760.

I stood above an hour upon the bridge, which divides the new town from the old; and could not satiate my eyes with the sight of the admirable picture, presented by the two divisions of the town, and the beautiful river. This bridge is six

 hundred

hundred and seventy paces long; and is considered the best in *Germany*. At the sides of it are footpaths, and places to rest in.

Mr. *P.* invited me to dine with him. "You must see my family," said he. I was received by a lady of about forty, with a look commanding respect, and a girl of twenty, who, though not a beauty, may however be called pretty, and is very amiable. "This is my whole family," said Mr. *P.* and I kissed both their hands. It was a frugal meal...but there was plenty. My host and hostess inquired about *Russia*, and their questions were so sensible, that I was not at all embarrassed to answer them. Mr. *P.* is not a man of letters by profession, but he has read much, and he spoke with great animation of the works of some of the German poets, over a bottle of old rhenish, which the hostess herself brought us. The charming *Charlotte* scarcely spoke at all; but her looks and smiles were very expressive. After dinner she played, at her father's desire, on the piano-forte, and I could have listened to her till night. From thence I went to the celebrated picture-gallery, which is reckoned one of the first in *Europe*. I was there for above three hours, but I had not time enough to view all the pictures. Not three hours, but several months, would be required to examine

the

the treasures of this gallery. I viewed with particular attention the following paintings: RAPHAEL'S *Mary, with the child Jesus in her arms, before whom St. Sixtus and St. Barbara are kneeling.*

* *Raphael*, the chief of the Roman school, is unanimously considered the first of painters. None so well understood the beauties of the ancient style, and none studied anatomy with such attention as *Raphael*; so that with regard to expression he has no equal. But the knowledge which he acquired by means of this study of the human body, would certainly not have made him so great a painter, if nature had not endowed him a creative genius, without which the painter is but a tame copyist. A celestial fire animates his pencil, when he represents the Deity. In the features of his heroes is discovered unconquerable intrepidity. In his pictures of *Venus* and *Roxane* is combined every female charm; and in his *Mary*, are blended beauty, innocence, and sanctity. The faces of his tyrants excite terror, and the animated features of heavenly patience in his martyrs produce admiration. However his pictures are not all equally valuable. His later pieces are beyond comparison better than his early ones. The *transfiguration of Christ* is esteemed his best work. This great artist died prematurely. His inordinate inclination to women led him to a life of debauchery, and brought on him an incurable disease. He was born at *Urbino*, in the year 1480, and died at *Rome* 1520.

Correggio's* *Night*, on which so much has been said and written. The mixture of light and shade in this piece is truly surprising.

* *Correggio*, the first painter of the Lombard school, rose almost unaided to such a high degree of perfection in his art. He had never been out of his own country, and had scarcely seen any good pictures or antiques. His pencil is the *ne plus ultra* of the tender and agreeable. His expression is certainly not perfectly correct, but however evinces great ability. His heads are exquisite, and the colouring inimitable. He knew how to represent flesh very naturally, and his faces are highly agreeable. In short, his paintings excite admiration; and if he had seen the *chefs-d'œuvre* of his art at *Rome* and *Venice*, he would probably have acquired a more correct expression, and perhaps have surpassed even *Raphael*.

He passed his whole life in the greatest poverty: he was modest, contented with little, and a friend of all men. The cause of his death is remarkable. He had sold one of his pictures at *Parma*, and had received for it a bag of copper-money, which he carried home himself. The day was hot, and he had sixteen miles to walk. Rejoicing at the prospect of protecting his family from want for some time, he felt no fatigue; but when he got home, he threw himself on the bed, and was attacked by an inflammatory fever, which terminated his life in a few days. He was born in the year 1532, and died 1588.

By

By Michael Angelo*,—*a picture representing a Criminal under sentence of death,—and in the back ground a city.*

By

* *Michael Angelo* was a great architect, painter, and statuary. The cupola of *St. Peter*'s church in *Rome* erected by him, is a proof of his skill in architecture. His paintings do not excite agreeable sensations so much as astonishment, because he has always employed himself on the difficult and extraordinary. As a good anatomist he has taken too great pains to represent the real figure of the muscles, and his flesh is too red. But if the productions of his pencil are not absolutely of the first rate, yet with regard to expression he has never been surpassed. As a statuary he was still greater. His *Cupids*, his *Bacchus*, and a *young Satyr*, are considered as the best works of his chissel. *Michael Angelo* was very facetious. When pope *Julius* once asked him very angrily, "why he had not used gold in his pictures from the old testament, as the preceding painters had done?" he replied in a submissive manner, "that the holy men he had painted considered splendid clothes as a false ornament."

In order to give *Raphael* to understand that he had seen his *Galatea* in the Farnese palace, he drew on the wall with a piece of charcoal the *head of a faun*, which is still shewn there. *Raphael* said when he saw it, "Nobody could have drawn such a head but *Michael Angelo*." When strangers are shewn *the*

Crucifixion

By JULIO ROMANO*,—*a Pan, instructing a young Shepherd to play on the flute; Cecilia playing, surrounded with saints*, &c.

By VERONESE †,—*the Resurrection; the Rape of Europa*, &c.

By

Crucifixion of Christ by this artist, they are commonly told that he killed the man who served him for a model, in order to represent the dying Saviour as naturally as possible. But this anecdote is by no means probable. He was born in the year 1474, and died 1564.

* *Julio Romano*, the first of *Raphael*'s scholars, had a fertile imagination; his forte lay in expression. All his figures are very good. It is a pity however, he followed the antique style more closely than nature. It may be said, that his pieces are too regular, and his faces therefore are all like each other. Like *Michael Angelo*, he colored the flesh too high, and his coloring in general is dark. He was born 1492, and died 1546.

† The paintings of *Paul Veronese* are distinguished for the animation and gracefulness of the figures, and likewise for the liveliness of the colouring. Nature was his original; but he improved her defects, as a great artist. The following anecdote, among others, is related of him: Being once overtaken by a storm accompanied with rain, on the road near *Venice*, he

was

By ANNIBAL CARACCI*,—*the Genius of Fame flying through the air*; *Mary and her child; Matthew and John*, &c.

By TINTORET †,—*Apollo and the Muses; the Fall of the Angels.*

By

was under the necessity of applying for shelter at the country-house of the procurator *Pisani*. That gentleman received him with great friendship and politeness, and would not allow him to go away again for several days. During this time he privately employed himself in painting the family of *Darius*, containing twenty figures as large as life, and concealed it under the bed. At taking leave, he told the procurator that he had left something there as a small proof of his gratitude for the kind reception he had experienced. He was born 1532, and died 1588.

* Few painters possessed such a rich imagination as *Annibal Caracci*, and few have surpassed him in expression. In his later pictures which he painted at *Rome*, the coloring is likewise very fine. His *chef d'œuvre* is the Farnese gallery at *Rome*; on which he was employed eight years; but for which he was very ill paid. He had many enemies, who envied his fame. He was born 1560, and died 1609. He was interred beside *Raphael*, whom he esteemed above every other painter.

† *Tintoret*, a Venetian painter, endeavoured to combine in his pictures the excellencies of *Michael*

Angelo

By Bassano *,—*Israelites in the wilderness; the family of Noah*, &c.

By Giordani †,—*the Rape of the Sabines*; *Socrates dying*; *Susanna in the bath*, &c.

By

Angelo with those of *Titian*; that is, he imitated the expression of the former, and he endeavoured to equal the latter in the coloring. *Titian*'s coloring is justly thought superior. His paintings are not equally excellent; and it is therefore said of him, that he sometimes painted with a gold, sometimes with a silver, and sometimes with an iron pencil. He was born 1512, and died 1594.

* The liveliness of the coloring is particularly to be admired in the paintings of *Bassano*; but, like the rest of the Venetian painters, he does not excel in expression. He painted the flesh extremely well, but his drapery is bad. His forte was in landscape. He was born in 1570, and died in 1592.

† Ease and lightness are the particular excellence of *Giordani*'s productions; but as he has painted by far too much, none of his pieces are finished; and besides his expression is not correct. He took *Paul Veronese* for his model; but he was such an exquisite imitator of the other great masters, that even connoisseurs mistook his copies for originals. He was born in *Naples* 1632, and died 1705.

By ROSA,* *His own Portrait, and a Landscape with trees, in which an old man, seated, is speaking to two others, who are standing.*

By POUSSIN,† *The sacrifice of Noah; a landscape, with two nymphs seated, and Narcissus looking at himself in the water; and another of a naked nymph asleep, with two men peeping at her from behind a tree.*

By RUBENS,§ *Mary sitting with her child, and the angels bringing fruit to her; the last judgment; Christ sleeping in the ship during the storm; the rape of*

* *Salvator Rosa,* a *Neapolitan* painter, was more celebrated for landscape than historical pieces. His figures are mostly irregular, but his productions are distinguished for boldness and animation. He painted trees, mountains, and views in general admirably. He was born 1615, and died 1673.

† Sublimity, and animated expression of the passions, are the peculiar excellencies of the pictures of *Nicolai Poussin,* a celebrated *French* painter. His expression is regular, but his coloring is not good. In this point he resembles the *Roman* painters, who commonly neglect the coloring. His landscapes are very fine. He was born 1594, and died 1663.

§ *Rubens* is justly called the *Flemish Raphael,* What poetic spirit distinguishes his pictures! what a richness

of Proserpine; Silenus drunk with the nymphs; Venus and Adonis; Cupid punished, being held by one woman, whilst another chastises him with a rod; Neptune calming the sea, &c.

By VAN DYK,* *portraits of Charles II. and James II.*; *St. Jerome, with a lion lying at his feet*; *a lion*, &c.

Finally,

richness of thought! what harmony throughout! what coloring! what faces! what drapery! He never studied the antique, but only imitated nature. However, the regularity of expression which distinguishes the *Roman* school is not to be found in his paintings.

Rubens is not only celebrated as a painter, but also as a statesman. It was he who, as ambassador to *England*, inclined *Charles* I. to peace with *Spain*. After his return to *Flanders*, he married *Helena Formann*, a celebrated beauty, who frequently served him as a model. He was born 1577, and died 1640.

* *Van Dyk*, a disciple of *Rubens*, is the first portrait painter in the world. His coloring is not inferior to that of his master, and his heads and hands are incomparable; but he was rather inferior in historic pieces, because he was not possessed of that poetic spirit which animated *Rubens*.

King *Charles* I. invited him to *England*, where he might have acquired a fortune by his profession, if he had lived regularly, and not meddled with alchymy. He was born 1599, and died 1641.

Finally, a picture by *Mengs*, whose pieces are very numerous here; among others, some exquisite pieces of perspective are particularly distinguished; and likewise of fruit, which are so natural as almost to make the spectator reach to pluck the grapes, and other fruits. The finest pieces were brought from *Modena* to *Dresden*; for instance, the *Night of Correggio*. The king of *Poland*, *Augustus* the Third, was a great amateur of the art, and spared no money for the purchase of good pictures.

The overseer told us, that ten of the finest pictures had been stolen from the gallery a few weeks before; but, fortunately, the thieves were soon detected, and the pictures brought back to their former places. When going, I gave the inspector a *Dutch* ducat for his trouble.

I had still to see the *green cabinet*, which is a collection of rare curiosities, particularly precious stones; which is perhaps superior to any in the world. I paid another Dutch ducat for seeing this magnificent cabinet of the elector of *Saxony*; and for the satisfaction of being able in future to say, I have seen that *rarity*. I was told, that a *French* nobleman, who was shewn this cabinet of valuable curiosities, said to the elector, "It is

fine, very fine indeed; but how much has it cost your serene highness?"

Next to the gallery of pictures, and the green cabinet, the library is the most deserving of notice. Every traveller who makes any pretensions to literature, thinks it necessary to see it; that is, to look at the long rows of volumes, and then exclaim, "What a large collection of books!"—Among other Greek MSS. is shewn a very old one of a tragedy of *Euripides*, purchased for this library of the late professor *Matthäi*, of *Moscow*. He received from the elector for this and a few other manuscripts, above 1500 dollars. In the evening I was in the *Zwinger-garden*, which is not large, but very pretty. I then returned home, and wrote what you have now read. Our ambassador is not in *Dresden* at present, he has gone to *Carlsbad.*

The 12th of July.

TO-DAY I attended mass in the court chapel. The magnificent temple, the melodious singing, accompanied by the full-toned organ, the priests with their arms extended towards heaven, altogether excited in me an agreeable awe. It seemed as if I was in the congregation of the angels, and heard the voices of the holy choirs

chanting

chanting hymns of praise to the Most High. My knees bent involuntarily: I sunk down, and prayed from the fulness of my heart.

The 12th of July, 10 *o'clock at night.*

AFTER dinner I was at the house of our young priest, where I also became acquainted with the Russian *charge des affaires.* From thence I went about the town, and afterwards to the so-called *Great Garden.* A long avenue led me to an extensive meadow. Here, to the left, I saw the *Elbe*, and a chain of high mountains, stretching by the river side, as far as the eye can reach, and covered with wood; from the bosom of which, here and there, rise roofs of houses, and steeples. On the right were fertile fields; and a fresh verdure, covered with flowers, surrounded me. This charming picture was tinged by the mild rays of the setting sun. I beheld—I enjoyed it—I shed tears of joy. Lovely nature, tender mother! with what inexpressible delight dost thou fill the hearts of thy children, when they come to thee, and seek consolation in thy arms! I never before felt so powerfully, that we are here to enjoy, and to be happy; and perhaps my heart was never so pure, so grateful to my Creator, as at that moment. If nothing is lost in

the vast round of the creation, then those tears which dropped from my eyes in that meadow, will certainly not be lost; and they may perhaps serve to expunge some black spots in the book of my life.

And to you, ye enamelled banks of the *Elbe*, ye verdant woods and hills, will I pay the tribute of praise, when I return to my remote northern native clime! I shall, in the hours of solitude, call to mind the past.

Meissen, the 13*th July*, 1789.

THIS morning early I resolved to go to *Leipzig* in the *Yellow Coach*. We were to be ready at ten o'clock. I delivered my portmanteau to the guard, and told him I would meet the coach at the gate; and thus, at nine o'clock in the morning, I set off on foot to leave *Dresden*. My valet offered me his service as a guide, for a small remuneration.

I walked at a great rate till I got out of the town. Scarcely was I clear of it, but I stopped at every step; viewing with delight the beauties of nature, and the fruits of industry. The road runs by the side of the *Elbe*, on the left bank of which are seen mountains thickly covered with

verdant

verdant birch and alder trees. On the right side extends a fertile plain, containing fields and villages, and bounded in the distance by vineyards. My soul was serene like the sky. All around I saw happiness, peace, and content. The birds, soaring above me through the pure atmosphere, were pictures of cheerfulness and gaiety. They feel their existence, thought I, they feel and enjoy it. The country-people, whom I observed in the meadows, appeared the happiest of mortals, possessing in abundance every thing necessary to man. Healthy through labor, happy and cheerful in the hour of refreshment, in the bosom of his peaceful family sits the happy farmer by the side of his faithful spouse, and watches with delight his playful little ones. All his wishes, all his hopes, extend not beyond the limits of his field. The field becomes green, and his soul is animated also. A young country girl, whom I observed at a distance, appeared to me an Arcadian shepherdess. She hastens to her shepherd, thought I, who awaits her beneath the shadow of the chesnut-tree, to the right of yon vineyard. He starts, he rises, and sees his beloved. Now he hastens to meet her! The shepherdess smiles; she redoubles her pace; and rushes into the arms of her tender swain. I then saw them sitting

beside each other, beneath the chesnut tree, and kissing like a pair of tender doves. I at length sat down to wait for the coach. It came, and the guard had secured me the place next the window, that I might, as he said, enjoy the beautiful prospect. Whether he meant so or not, I cannot undertake to determine. The company consisted of six persons, two ladies of respectability in black hats; an old master of arts, or village pastor, in a red wig, a merchant; and two students, one from *Leipzig*, and the other from *Prague*. The latter sat next me and immediately entered into conversation with me...can you guess on what subject?...In the most abrupt manner, he began to discuss the merits of *Mendelssohn*'s *Phœdon*. "*Phœdon*," he said, "is perhaps the most acute "philosophical work that ever was written. "However, the author rests all his arguments for "the immortality of the soul on a single hypo-"thesis. Much PROBABILITY, but little CONVIC-"TION! And the latter, in particular, is in vain "sought for, in almost all the works of both an-"tient and modern philosophers." "It must be "sought in the feelings of the heart," replied I. "Oh! sir," said the student, "the conviction of "the heart is no philosophical conviction; it is "not to be depended upon. One moment we

"feel

"feel it, and the next it is gone. Conviction "must rest upon grounds; and these grounds "must again be founded upon the innate sensa- "tions of pure reason, from which every eternal "and immutable truth originates. The man of "letters seeks this conviction in his solitary "apartment, in the obscurity of night, by the "faint glimmer of the lamp, foregoing sleep and "its refreshing influence. If we only knew "what the soul actually is, every thing would be "developed; but,"—Here I took from my pocket-book a letter from the worthy *Lavater*, and read the following passage to the student: "The eye is so organised that it cannot see itself, "except in a looking-glass. No more can our "soul see itself, but by reflection. The feeling "of our existence is only developed by means "of the external phenomena and appearances "which present themselves to it!" "Excel- "lent!" said the student; "but do you then believe?"—Here the coach stopped, and the guard opened the door saying—"ladies and gen- "tlemen, do you please to dine?"

We alighted at the inn, where the table was already laid. We had soup, roast veal, sal- lad, bread and butter, for which we paid about forty copecs a-piece. The road, as far as *Meissen*, is

is extremely pleasant. The soil is cultivated with the greatest industry. The vineyards, formerly observed at a distance, approach nearer and nearer to the *Elbe*; and at last, are separated from the river only by the road. Here rise, almost perpendicularly, immense rocks, some of which are covered with earth, and converted into gardens (What cannot industry effect?) which produce the best grapes in *Saxony*. On the opposite shore of the *Elbe* are seen the ruined castles of banditti. There the bats now build their nests, and the wind whistles through the ruins.

An old poet says,

"Est locus, albiacis, ubi Misna rigatur ab undis
Fertilis, et viridi Letus amœnus humo."

I am at present on that spot. *Meissen* is partly situated on a mountain, and partly in a valley. The circumjacent country is delightful; but the town is by no means handsome. The streets are crooked, and badly paved. The houses, almost all built in the Gothic style, are monuments of the extraordinary taste of the past century. The cathedral is a large structure, and venerable from its antiquity. The ancient palace is situated on a hill. Here once resided the heroes of the family of *Wittekind*, that celebrated *Saxon* prince, who so gallantly maintained the independence of his

country,

country, and whom *Charles* the Great was not able to subdue by arms, but only by magnanimity. It is now converted into the manufactory of the celebrated *Saxon* porcelain; to see which, strangers must be provided with a ticket from the principal inspector.

M. *Matthäi* was for some years rector of the prince's school here; but, about six weeks since, he left *Meissen*, and went to *Wittenberg*. He will certainly find an appointment let him go where he will; for he is considered in *Germany* as one of the first-rate philosophers.

We now proceed on our journey; I must therefore take leave of the pen till I arrive at *Leipzig*.

Leipzig, the 14*th of July*, 1789.

THE road from *Meissen* runs at first along the *Elbe*. That silent and majestic river flows on the right; and on the left rise lofty rocks, crowned with verdant thickets, from which, here and there, project grey, moss-coloured crags.

When we had proceeded about two miles, the student from *Prague* and myself got out, and walked some miles on foot, as the coach went very slow. The student asked me whether I

was married; and as I replied in the negative, he began talking about women, but not exactly in praise of them. "I have sworn," said he, "on the tomb of my friend, whom the love of a faithless and inconstant girl brought to an untimely grave, to flee that dangerous sex, and never to marry while I live. The sciences fill my whole soul, and I thank heaven that I can find happiness within myself." "So much the better for you," I replied. The sky became overcast with black clouds, and we got into the coach again.

Meantime, the pastor and the *Leipzig* student had entered into an argument on theological subjects. The latter had many objections to make, all of which the pastor undertook to remove; but, in the student's opinion, he had not yet satisfactorily answered any of them. This irritated him exceedingly. "At last," wiping his face, (for his passion had brought on a copious perspiration) "At last," he said, "I begin to recollect, there are people in the world incapable of understanding the truth. Their heads may be compared to a cask without a bottom, into which nothing can be put; or to an iron ball, which nothing can penetrate, but from which every object rebounds." "Such heads," interrupted the student, "are commonly to be found in red periwigs, stuck up

in

in pulpits." "Sir!" exclaimed the pastor, moving his wig backwards and forwards, "of whom are you speaking?" "Of the very same people you yourself just began speaking about," replied the student, quite coolly. "I think it will be better to be silent," said the master of arts. "As you please," returned the student.

Meantime, night came on; the pastor took off his wig, laid it beside him, and put on his night-cap. Then he began singing an evening hymn, with a most harsh discordant voice, in which he was joined by the *Leipzig* student, and they formed such a duet, like a couple of braying asses that we were glad to stop our ears. Fortunately, they soon ceased singing; all was quiet again in the coach, and I fell asleep.

At day-break our horses were changed, and we got out of the coach to take coffee. The pastor felt for his wig, but it was gone. He sought it by his side, and under his feet, but in vain! He now began to cry out, "where can it "be gone to? What shall I do without my wig? "What an unfortunate figure I shall make in "the town?" He then applied to the guard, absolutely demanding that he should recover him his wig. The guard looked about but with as little success. Meantime the *Leipzig* student was highly

highly diverted with the distress and despair of the poor Pastor. At length he however appeared to pity him, and advised him to feel in his pockets. "How should it come there?" said the Pastor. He however, put his hand mechanically into his pocket, and behold! out came the old periwig. What a moment for a painter? The pastor stood open-mouthed with joy and surprize, holding the wig in his hand, and unable to utter a single word.

"You look for the horse you ride on," said the guard angrily; but the pastor's soul was so fully occupied at the moment, that nothing from without could reach it; and therefore the guard's proverb either passed his ears quite unnoticed or at least went through and through, that is, according to *Malebranche*'s hypothesis on the origin of ideas, it left no mark on his brain; or, according to *Bonnet*, it touched no *Virgin fibre* (fibre vierge.)

The dumb amazement of the pastor lasted above a minute; when he began to laugh, and put on his wig, declaring at the same time, that he had certainly not put it in his pocket himself, but how it came there might be known to the devil and ...... Here he looked at the *Leipzig* student, and said no more.

At four o'clock this afternoon we arrived at *Leipzig*. Here, my friends, I wished once to

pass

pass my youth, and here, some years since, centered all my thoughts. Here I wished to prepare myself for the search of truth, for which my heart, from my earliest years, always felt an ardent desire; but it pleased providence not to gratify my wishes. When I imagine how I should have passed those years, in which the soul is formed, and when I consider how I have passed them, my heart is oppressed, and my eyes overflow with tears. What is passed cannot be recalled!

Eleven o'clock at night.

I alighted opposite the Post-house, at Mr. *D*'s, where I have a fine light room, and a very attentive and agreeable host. While I was taking the things out of my portmanteau, he expatiated on the regularity he had introduced into his house, his integrity, and honesty. "Every one who "has lodged here has been satisfied with me. I "certainly have no great profit; but my reputation is unblemished, and my conscience pure "and tranquil. With a good conscience a man "is happy in this life, and dreads nothing; he "turns pale at nothing."

At this very moment there was a loud clap of thunder. Mr. *D.* was terrified, and turned pale as death. "What is the matter?" said I. "No-

"thing

" thing," he replied, stammering; " but we " must shut the windows, that there may not be " any draught." This was the most tremendous thunder-storm that I had yet witnessed this summer. In a few minutes the sky was obscured with clouds. The lightning flashed incessantly; the thunder rolled without interruption; the noise of the hail and the howling of the tempest contributed to produce a scene the most awful and sublime. In half an hour it was over. The sun again enlivened both the heavens and the earth; and my host again began to extol the intrepidity and calmness of the man, who, like himself, cheats nobody, and must consequently have a good conscience.

I remained till supper-time in my room, and wrote to you, my friends. At table I became acquainted with a Mr. *Kleist*, formerly a privy counseller in the Prussian service, but who, in consequence of various disagreeable circumstances, was under the necessity of abandoning his office and the country. Having resigned every deceitful hope, he lives here in philosophical retirement, in the bosom of friendship, and in the company of the most enlightened men.

I passed last night very uncomfortably in the Post-coach. My eyes now begin to close.

July 15*th*.

THIS morning I made an acquaintance with a Mr. *Melly*, a young merchant from *Ghent*. I had a letter to him from the English merchant *Sch*..., in *Petersburg*. He received me with great politeness, and undertook to procure me cash for one of my Dutch bills, and to change the other for a French one. I went from him to the theological lecture room, where I found a numerous assembly, though but few auditors. The subject of the lecture was some Hebrew words. As it was one of no interest to me, I immediately went out again.

I then walked about the town and the surrounding avenues, observing the objects around me. The city itself is not large; but, including the suburbs, which contain many gardens, the circumference is considerable. The situation of *Leipzig* is not so picturesque as that of *Dresden*, as it stands in the middle of an extensive plain; but this plain being highly cultivated, and covered with a beautiful mixture of orchards, gardens, and pleasure-grounds, interspersed with villages, the eye is charmed with the variety, and is not soon fatigued. The situation of *Dresden* is ad-

mirable—that of *Leipzig*, pretty. The former may be compared to a woman, at the first sight of whom every beholder exclaims, "What a beauty!" and the latter to a girl, who pleases every one, but only by degrees, whom all unite in praising, but without enthusiasm; and who, with a calm and agreeable emotion of the soul, is pronounced pretty. The houses are not so high here as in *Dresden*; they have mostly four stories. The streets are not broad, and it is well that carriages are not in very common use, otherwise pedestrians would incur great risk of being run over. I have not yet seen so populous a town in *Germany*, as *Leipzig*. Trade and the university attract a great number of strangers.

After dinner I went to Mr. *Beck*, a young professor, but a man of the highest abilities. I delivered him a letter, which I had, to Mr. *R.* who formerly lived with him, but who had left *Leipzig*. Mr. *Beck* told me, that *R.* some time since, had been appointed by a nobleman to a living in the country; but on his arrival there, had experienced great opposition from the superior clergy. They had at last contrived to confound and embarrass him, in a very strict examination, previous to his entering on the living. Losing all patience, he snatched up his hat, and

wishing

wishing the learned examiners in future a more charitable disposition, he left them. He has never been heard of since, and nobody knows what is become of him.

Professor *Beck* is a reserved, modest man; he is cautious in his opinions, and his language is pure and elegant. I first learned from him, what a noise the travels of the young *Anacharsis*, by *Barthelemy*, had made. "This book was "scarcely published," said *Beck*, "before all the "French literati bowed the knee, and confessed, "that ancient *Greece* was now interesting for us; "for never before had *Greece*, which we admire "even in its ruins, and these few monuments of "its glory, which are still in existence, been so "accurately described." Professor *Heyne*, of *Göttingen*, one of the most distinguished amateurs of Grecian literature and antiquities, has reviewed this work of *Barthelemy*, in the *Göttingen Review*, and thereby established its reputation in *Germany*. Mr. *Beck* expects his copy with the greatest impatience.

None of the *Leipzig* literati is so celebrated as Dr. *Plattner*. He is a philosopher, who seeks the truth in all systems, without confining himself to any in particular. Thus he agrees in some things with *Kant*, and in others with *Leib-*

nitz; or, in other particulars, differs from both. He writes very intelligibly, and whoever has any knowledge of logic and metaphysics, may easily understand him. His aphorisms are highly valued, and may sesve as a clue to those who intend to enter the labyrinth of philosophical systems. I wished to become personally acquainted with him; therefore, when I left professor *Beck*, I went to him. He lives in the suburbs, in a house with a garden. On entering the garden, I was met by his young wife, by whom I was informed that the doctor was at home. The servant went to announce me, while I waited in the anti-room. In two minutes, he himself made his appearance;—a tall meagre man, about forty years of age, with a penetrating eye; the appearance of a man of learning, and a pleasing address. " Mr. *Kleist* has already spoken to me about " you," said he, conducting me to his library; " but I confess, I am very busy just now; I have " some letters to write. Have the goodness to " call again to-morrow, about this time." I begged pardon for having come at an inconvenient time, and took my leave. Whilst accompanying me to the door, he asked: " To what science or " sciences, have you particularly devoted your " attention?" " The Belles Lettres," replied I,

and blushed ;—I know very well why, and, probably, you likewise know the reason, my friends.

I then went to the public garden, and the avenue that surrounds it. *Richter*'s garden is extensive and handsome. Upon entering it, a girl, about twelve years old, in a white jacket, presented me with a nosegay, which pleased me uncommonly. I thanked her, and gave her sixpence in return.

In the *Wendler garden*, I saw *Gellert*'s monument. It is of white marble, and executed by professor *Oeser*. The sight of this monument of a virtuous man, erected to him by friendship, reminded me, in a lively manner, of the happy days of my childhood, when *Gellert's Fables* composed almost my whole library. How many bitter tears did his *Inkle and Yarico* extort from me! and how heartily did I often laugh at the *green ass!* I remembered also, how the professor, who taught us morality from *Gellert's Lectures* on that subject, often exclaimed with enthusiasm, Only follow, my dears, what *Gellert* teaches, and you will be happy! This recollection awakened tender emotions in my heart. The history of my past life appeared in review before me, chequered with many dark and dismal spots. And what may still await me in future!

From hence I went to *St. John's* church, where *Gellert's* scholars and friends had erected another monument. It represents Religion delivering to Virtue a portrait of *Gellert*, crowned with laurel. An admirable idea. The statues of Religion and Virtue are of white marble. On the base is the following inscription, by *Heyne*: "To the teacher "and model of Virtue and Religion this monu-"ment is dedicated, by his friends and contem-"poraries, the witnesses of his merits." Such an inscription, not penned by adulation, but by the hand of truth, must elevate, and make a powerful impression on every sensible mind. All who knew *Gellert*, unanimously call him a virtuous man. His whole life was the strongest argument against the opinion of those who maintain, that no part of the human heart is exempt from vice; and therefore imagine that virtue is only an empty name; as also against the assertion of others, that religion does not make mankind better. *Gellert* frequently said to his friends, "All my good qualities, I owe to the Christian "religion." The account of his life concludes with these words: "Uncertain is the admiration and the immortality which the works of his poetic genius may obtain, as the national taste is liable to alter at some future period; but the glory

glory of his moral character will remain immutable and unperishable, like religion and virtue, which are ever the same."

No, Mr. ——, I shall not have any supper this evening. I will sit down at the window, and read *Weisse's* Elegy on the death of *Gellert*; and *Kramer's* and *Denis's* Odes on him. I shall read, feel, and perhaps shed tears. I consecrate this evening to the memory of the virtuous. Here he lived, and here he taught virtue.

July 16*th*.

THIS morning I attended the æsthetic lectures of *Plattner*. Æsthetic is the science of taste—it treats of the faculty of sensation in general. *Baumgarten* was the first who separated it from the other sciences, and established the system which assigns to logic the superior faculties of the soul—the understanding, and the powers of judgment; and to æsthetic the direction of the faculty of perception, and of the thing perceived. This is the imagination, and its effects. In short æsthetic teaches us to feel and enjoy the beautiful.

A large room was so crowded with auditors, that it could not have contained another person. I could scarcely find a place at the porch. *Plattner*

ner was already in his place, and had commenced his lecture. All was silence and attention. Not the least noise prevented the doctor's voice from being heard over the whole room. I lost not a word, though I stood at such a distance. He spoke of genius. "Genius," said he, "occupies itself only with what is great and important —with nature and mankind. Philosophy is, therefore, in the most sublime sense of this word, their proper science. Genius certainly sometimes occupies itself with other sciences, but only with relation to philosophy. It possesses a peculiar ability to discover the concealed likenesses—the analogies, and secret coincidences of things; and thus it often observes connections, where the common man sees none, and what to the ordinary short-sighted man appears trifling, is to the man of genius highly interesting.

"*Leibnitz*, the grrat *Leibnitz*, traversed *Germany* and *Italy*; and visited all the archieves, in poring over their dusty, mouldy, and moth-eaten records, and for what purpose? In order to collect materials for his *History of the House of Brunswick!* But the acute *Leibnitz* observed the connection of this history, with various objects important to all mankind. In all that a great

man

man undertakes is generally observed a peculiar enthusiasm, which animates and distinguishes the actions of genius, from the undertakings of common men. I will mention *Franklin* as an example; not *Franklin* the man of letters, but *Franklin* the statesman. With what enthusiasm he defends the violated rights of humanity! At that moment he ceases to live for himself, and forgets his own happiness for the public weal. With what a zeal he exerts himself in behalf of his grand object, the welfare of his fellow-creatures! "This spirit of enthusiasm particularly distinguishes the works of men of great genius. If, for instance, it were possible to extract this spirit from the philosophical letters of *Mendelssohn*, or the reflections on *Jerusalem*, nothing would remain in the former, but scholastic subtleties; and in the latter, theological dogmas;—but, replenished with this spirit, those works elevate the soul of the reader."

Plattner is as easy and unaffected when he speaks in public, as if he were in his closet; and for that very reason he is so highly relished. As far as I could perceive, all his auditors listened with the utmost attention. It is also said, that no professor in *Leipzig* is so beloved and respected by the students, as *Plattner*. When he

left

left the pulpit, the students cleared a spacious way for him, quite down to the door, as for a king. "I did not think of seeing you here," said he to me, "had I known of your coming, I "certainly should have directed a place to be "reserved for you." He invited me to dinner, adding, that he would take me to sup at a place where I should see some interesting characters.

July 16th.

LIVING at *Leipzig* is said to be very agreeable; and I believe it. Some of the rich merchants give frequent dinners, suppers, balls, &c. The young coxcombs among the students appear on such occasions in all their splendour. Card-playing, dancing, and gallantry are the principal features of these entertainments here, as every where else. There are likewise literary societies or clubs; the members of which entertain themselves with literary and political novelties, criticism, &c. Here is also a theatre, but the performers repair in summer to other towns, and do not return to *Leipzig*, till the Michaelmas fair. Whoever is fond of gaiety, will find the most agreeable places of diversion round *Leipzig*. The epicure will find uncommonly delicious larks, exquisite asparagus, and abundance of fruit, particularly cherries,

ries, which are very good, and at present so cheap, that a whole plate-ful may be bought for ten copecs. Living is upon the whole very cheap in *Saxony*. I pay about thirty copecs for dinner, exclusive of wine, and as much per day for lodging. The prices were the same in *Dresden*.

Almost every street contains several bookseller's shops, notwithstanding which most of the *Leipzig* booksellers acquire fortunes, at which I cannot help wondering. There are certainly many learned men here who want books, but these are principally either authors or translators, who, when they purchase a library, pay the bookseller not with money, but with manuscripts. There are besides in every German town of any consequence circulating libraries, from which books of every kind may be obtained to read at a small expence. The booksellers from all parts of *Germany* frequent the fairs of this town, which are held three times a year, namely, at the commencement of the year, at Easter and Michael mas, for the purpose of exchanging their respective publications. Any bookseller who prints the publications of another is considered as a person of no character, as he injures the lawful proprietor, who is obliged to purchase the manuscript of the author. In *Germany*, where the book-

selling business is of such importance, very severe laws on this head are requisite. You may perhaps wish to know how an author is paid by the booksellers? His remuneration depends on his celebrity. If he is not advantageously known to the public, he receives but a few dollars per sheet; but if he has an established reputation, he gets perhaps eight or ten dollars for the same quantity.

11 o'clock at night.

I WENT at the appointed hour to *Plattner*. "You will probably make some stay with us," said he, handing me a chair opposite his own. "But "for a few days," I replied. "Only a few days ...I thought you had come to *Leipzig* to improve yourself. The learned here would with pleasure have assisted you in your progress in the sciences. You are yet young, and understand German. Instead of going from one town to another, you really would do better to make a longer stay at such a place as *Leipzig*, where so many of your countrymen have already sought the accomplishments of education, and I hope not in vain."... "I should consider it a particular happiness, doctor, if I could enjoy your instruction; but circumstances, and my relations."... "If that is the case, I can but regret it." He mentioned

tioned *R. R.* and other Russians, who had studied here. "They were my scholars," said he; "but "I was not then what I am now." "You at "least had not then written your Aphorisms?"... I was just going to make use of this opportunity to request an explanation of some passages in the Aphorisms, but he was interrupted by university business, for he is now rector. "I am seldom "at leisure," said he; "but meet me at the Blue "Angel at eight o'clock, for you must sup with "me to-night." I thankfully accepted this invitation, and went once more to *Richter*'s gardens. The girl in the white jacket gave me another nosegay, and received another six-pence.

I was punctual to my appointment at the Blue Angel, where I was conducted into a large room, in which stood a table laid for twenty persons, but as yet there was nobody there. In half an hour *Plattner* and his literary friends made their appearance. He presented me to each, and told me their names. However they were all strangers to me except the venerable *Oeser*, and the burgomaster *Müller*. We sat down at table. The supper was perfectly in the attic style, excepting that we drank our wine, not out of bowls decorated with garlands, but out of common Saxon glasses. All were cheerful and affable; and, in

 order

order to draw me into the conversation, they inquired about our literature. I surprised them, by telling them that ten cantos of *Klopstock's Messiah* were translated into Russian.—“ I could not have conceived” said a young professor of poetry, “ that *Klopstock's* ideas could “ possibly be expressed in your language. “ I “ assure you” replied I, “ that the translation “ was mostly literal, and at the same time very “ intelligible.” To convince them that our language is not disagreeable to the ear, I read them some Russian verses in different measures, and they felt their expressive harmony. In speaking of our original works, I mentioned two epic poems, the *Rossiad* and *Wladimir*, which will render the name of their author* immortal in the annals of Russian poetry.

Plattner acted the principal part at the table; I mean, he directed the conversation. Although the German literati in general are accused, and not unjustly, of a certain dullness in conversation, yet *Plattner* at least, and many others, must be excepted. *Plattner* is quite a man of the world; he is fond of speaking, and he speaks well. In his delivery there is a certain boldness, inspired by

* The author of these poems is the privy-counsellor *Scheraskow*, curator of the university of *Moskow*.

by a sense of his merit. Old *Oeser* makes himself amiable by his cordiality. He was treated with universal respect; every one listened to his anecdotes and laughed at them, because they observed that he wished to excite laughter. He had once resolved to go to *Russia* to the coronation of the empress *Elizabeth*, but he changed his mind.—We broke up about ten o'clock, and wished one another good night, and parted.—*Plattner* would not allow me to pay for my share of the supper, which was not very agreeable to me. In this manner the principal learned men in *Leipzig* sup together once a week, and pass the evening in agreeable conversation. You see, my friends, I become acquainted with men deserving my highest respect, sensible, accomplished, learned, and celebrated men...but strangers in my affections. Which of them wants my friendship? Each has his own occupations and connections, and none troubles himself about the poor stranger. None of them would miss me to-morrow, if on this night's sable pinions my soul were borne to another world. Not one sigh would accompany it, and scarcely would you be informed of the dissolution of your friend.—Farewell.

17th July.

THIS morning at six o'clock I took a walk, with a mind tranquil and serene, enjoying the beauties of nature arrayed in verdant splendor. I threw myself on the grass of a fragrant meadow, bathed myself in the pearly dew, and inhaled the pure brèeze of morning. I enjoyed it, and was happy.

The sun had already ascended high in the azure vault, and I perceived, by the scorching heat of his rays, that noon approached. I arose. The village in which *Weisse* lives lay before me. I went towards it, and meeting a young country girl, I wished her a good morning, and desired her to inform me where Mr. *Weisse* lived. "There, on the right hand, in the large house in the garden," replied she, and away she went.

Weisse, the favourite of the dramatic and lyric muse, whose heart is as honorable to him as his genius, the friend of virtue and of all good men, the friend of children, who by instruction and example has propagated the rules of a good system of education in *Germany*,—*Weisse* passes the summer in an obscure village, two wersts from *Leipzig*, amongst honest rustics, and in the bosom of his family. "He is walking in the garden," said a maid-

maid-servant, who met me at the door, "please to walk into that room...I will let my master know." I went into the room; and through the windows I observed the amiable *Weisse*,—a little man in a red night-gown and a white hat, walking up the avenue with quick steps, and hastening to the house to receive the Moscovite who was waiting for him. He entered the room in the same red night-gown, but had put on a bag-wig. I had already contemplated thy portrait, amiable *Weisse*, and should have recognized thee among thousands. *Weisse* is upwards of sixty years of age; but, to judge by his healthy look and ruddy countenance, you would not suppose him to be above fifty, and the excellence of his heart beams forth from every feature.

He received me with friendship, cordiality, and unaffected simplicity, and regretted that I had come to him, and not he to me; was sorry that it was so very *hot*, and treated me with lemonade, &c. I told him that some parts of his *Childrens' Friend* had been translated into *Russian*, and that I myself had translated his drama—*The monument in Arcadia*. In *Germany* much is written for children and young people; but, amongst the writers for youth, none is equal to *Weisse*. He is himself a father, and a tender father, who has

 devoted

devoted himself entirely to the formation of the youthful heart. He was overwhelmed with thanks from all quarters, when he commenced his Weekly Journal. The children thanked him for the pleasure which it afforded them, and the parents were obliged to him for the beneficial influence of his works upon their children. At present *Weisse* publishes, *The Correspondence of the Family of the Childrens' Friend*, which is a continuation of the *Children's Friend*, and is a very useful and pleasing work for youth.

He speaks of his works with the greatest modesty; however without any dissembled humility, to which I have as great an aversion as to self-commendation. With what feeling he speaks of his domestic happiness! "I thank God," said he, with tears in his eyes, "he has blessed me "with the enjoyment of the purest pleasures of "life, and I should venture to call my happiness "complete, if providence should please to re-"store my daughter to health, who has been ill "several years, and whose disorder has hitherto "baffled all the skill of the physicians." In a word, if I before loved *Weisse* as an author, I now love him far more as a man.

He has in his possession a manuscript history of our theatre, translated from the *Russian*. *Dmitrewsky* wrote it during his residence in

Leipzig;

Leipzig; and a young *Russian,* then a student at the university, translated it into *German,* and presented it to Mr. *Weisse,* who now preserves it in his library as a rarity. When I took leave of him, he said, "A good journey, and may you "enjoy all that can render a pure heart happy. "I will endeavour to see you again before you "leave *Leipzig.*" "And may the evening of "your life be serene," replied I, alluding to the verse of *La Fontaine,* "*sa fin,* the (end of the "wise) *est le soir d'un beau jour.*" I left him with the most placid and cheerful disposition of mind. The sight of a good man is a happiness to him, whose sensibility to the beautiful is not yet blunted.

Upon my return to town, I went into a bookseller's shop, and bought *Ossian's Fingal* and *The Vicar of Wakefield,* that I might have something to read on the road.

12 *o'clock at night.*

I PASSED the evening of yesterday very agreeably. About six o'clock, Mr. *Melly* conducted me to a garden out of the town; we found a great many people there, students and philisters.* Some sat under the shade of the trees

* This term is applied by the students to citizens and tradespeople. *Adelung* calls this word a corruption,

trees reading, or at least they held a book in their hands, as if they did not deign to cast a look at any one that passed. Others sat in a circle smoking tobacco, and defended themselves from the beams of the sun by thick clouds of smoke, which ascended in curling columns, and formed a canopy over their heads. Others again were were walking with ladies arm-in-arm through the dusky avenues. Music was played without intermission, and a man went about with a plate, collecting the voluntary contributions of the company.

Mr. *Melly* surprized me, by beginning, all at once, to speak *Russian*. "I resided four years in *Moskow*," said he, "and I have not yet quite "forgotten your language, though it is a long "time since I left *Russia*." We were joined by *Schneider* and *Modi*, who are accompanying the princess *Büloselsky*, who is at present at *Leipzig* on her travels. I had already seen the former in *Moskow*, and we rejoiced at meeting each other, like old acquaintances. Mr. *Melly* treated us with a very handsome supper, and we remained there till midnight, when we returned to town together.

ruption, and derives it from the Latin *balistarii*, which signifies city soldiers and common citizens.

together. The gates were shut, and we were obliged to pay a few pence a-piece to procure admission. It is the law at *Leipzig*, either to return home in proper time, or you must pay a fine.

July 19.

I RECEIVED this morning two letters at once from *A.* the contents of which are by no means agreeable to me. I shall not find him at *Frankfort*, as he is gone for some weeks to *Paris*. He wishes me to meet him either at *Mannheim* or *Strasburg*; but, alas! it is quite impossible for me to comply with his desire. The ærial castles of pleasure that I built upon the company of my beloved friend, were thus utterly demolished, and throughout my whole tour I shall not meet with a creature that is dear to my heart. This thought made me melancholy, and I rambled about the town and avenues, without any aim or design. Here I met with *Br.* a young student with whom I had become acquainted at *Leipzig*. We went together to the *Rosenthal*, a beautiful and extensive park near *Leipzig*. Here the celebrated impostor, *Schröpfer*, shot himself. A true history of his life must certainly be extremely entertaining, if it could be obtained.

He was for a long time waiter in a coffee-house

at *Leipzig*, and nobody observed any thing extraordinary in him. He disappeared of a sudden, and it was not till several years after that he again made his appearance at *Leipzig*, in the character of baron *Schröpfer*. He took a large house, hired a great number of servants, and puffed himself off as a *sage*, to whom all nature, and even the world of spirits, were subject.

By pompous promises of splendid discoveries he allured a multitude of credulous people; and pupils thronged to him from all quarters. Some actually expected to learn things of him, that cannot be acquired at any university; others were delighted with the excellent table he kept. He frequently received by post large parcels, addressed to baron *Schröpfer*. Several bankers received orders to pay him large sums. He spoke of his secrets, which he pretended to have learned in *Italy*, with a seductive eloquence; and he shewed people the spirits and shadows of their deceased acquaintance. When he had heated the imaginations of his hearers, "Come and "see!" he cried, to all who were inclined to doubt; they came, and actually saw shadows, and various terrible sights, which made the hair of timorous persons stand on end. It must be observed, that his warmest adherents were

not

not men of learning, or such as were accustomed to logical deductions; for people who placed more reliance on their understanding than on their senses, would not at all suit *Schröpfer*'s purpose. Thus his pupils consisted entirely of noblemen and merchants, who were totally ignorant of the sciences. He exhibited the wonders of his art to others, but he taught them to none, and at last, he only performed his miracles at home, in private apartments prepared for the purpose. *Br*. told me the following anecdote of him:... A certain *M*. likewise came in company with his friends to *Schröpfer*, to see his apparitions. He found a great number of guests there before him, who were incessantly plied with punch. *M*. refused to drink any thing, but *Schröpfer* pressed him very much to drink at least a glass, which *M*. as firmly refused. At length they were all conducted into a large hall, hung with black cloth, the window-shutters of which were closed. *Schröpfer* placed the spectators together, and drew a circle around them, beyond which he strictly enjoined them not to stir. At the distance of a few paces a small altar was erected, on which burned spirits; this cast the only light that illumined the room. *Schröpfer*, uncovering his breast, threw himself on his knees before the

altar.

altar. He held in his hand a large glistening sword, and prayed with a loud voice, and with such earnestness and warmth, that *M.* who had come with the intention of unmasking the impostor and the imposture, felt in his heart a pious awe, and sentiments of devotion. Fire flashed from the eyes of the supplicant, and his breast was powerfully agitated. He was to call the shadow of a well-known character lately deceased. After having finished the prayer, he called the ghost with the following words: "Oh! thou "departed spirit, who livest in an immate-"rial world, and invisible to the eyes of mor-"tals, hear the voice of the friends thou hast "left behind, and who desire to see thee; "leave, for a short time, thy new abode, and pre-"sent thyself to their eyes!" Hereupon the spectators felt in every nerve a sensation, similar to an electric shock,...heard a noise like the rolling of thunder, and saw above the altar a light vapour, which grew thicker by degrees, till it assumed the figure of a man. However *M.* observed, that it was not a striking likeness of the deceased. The figure hovered over the altar, and *Schröpfer*, pale as death, flourished the sword above his head. *M.* resolved to step out of the circle and to go to *Schröpfer*; but the latter,

perceiving

perceiving his intention, rushed towards him, holding the sword to his breast, and crying with a terrible voice, "You are a dead man, if you "stir another step!" *M.* was so terrified at the dreadful tone in which *Schröpfer* uttered these words, and at the glistening sword, that his knees shook under him. The shadow at length disappeared, and *Schröpfer* was so fatigued that he lay extended on the floor. The spectators were conducted into another room, where they were served with fruits. Many of the more sensible people went to *Schröpfer*'s house as to a theatre; they knew that his boasted art was nothing but imposture, yet they were delighted with the serious comedy which he performed.

This continued for some time; but *Schröpfer* all at once got into debt with several trades-people of *Leipzig*, and unfortunately of that class who did not wish to see his ghosts; but were extremely importunate for their money. He received no more bills. The bankers would not advance him a penny; and the miserable magician, worked up to the highest degree of despair, shot himself through the head in the *Rosenthal*. Nobody knows to this day how he got his money; and for what purpose he played off his phantasmagoria.

According to the hypothesis of the *Berlin* literati, he was an instrument of the secret Jesuits; who by his means expected to enslave the human understanding; as they afterwards attempted by *Cagliostro*, who is in fact a second *Schröpfer*. If this be true, which I very much doubt, it may be asserted without offence to the secret Jesuits, that they vainly flatter themselves with being able to subdue *Europe* by charlatanism, at a period when the laws of reason are universally obeyed, and when illumination extends farther and farther, of which only a single spark is sufficient to enlighten a whole chaos of errors. It is reasonable to suppose that *Schröpfer* received pecuniary support from his adherents; but nothing certain is known respecting the quarter from which he derived it.

I leave *Leipzig* this afternoon. I have this moment received a note from *Plattner*, in which he expresses a wish that I would prolong my stay at *Leipzig*, and give him an opportunity of deserving my thanks. Professor *Beck*, to whom I am under obligations for his friendly attention, has undertaken to procure a tutor for *P*...He will write to me at *Zurich*. I am very sorry that I shall not see *A*.

Weimar, 26th July.

NOTHING worthy of notice presented itself on the road from *Leipzig* to *Weimar*, but a delightful plain, in which the town of *Naumburg* is situated, and a village where the children threw heaps of flowers into the coach to us. I say, to us; for as far as *Buttelstadt* I had the company of a young Frenchman belonging to the suite of the French ambassador at *Dresden*. It must however be understood that the children expected something for their flowers. We threw them a few pence, for which they loudly expressed their thanks. The Frenchman, who understood not a word of German, and whose interpreter I was obliged to be, almost wept at parting. In other respects he was not an interesting companion. At day-break we arrived at *Buttelstadt*, where the postmaster procured me a commodious single-horse chaise to *Weimar*. I gave the postillion the porcelain head of a tobacco-pipe, which I had bought at the manufactory at *Berlin*; and, to shew his gratitude, he brought me very expeditiously to *Weimar*.

The situation of *Weimar* is pleasant. The adjacent villages, with their fields and woods, form an agreeable prospect. The town itself is but

small, and contains no buildings of magnitude, excepting the ducal palace. As I had been questioned at the gate of the town, I in my turn took the liberty of asking the serjeant on duty, "Is *Wieland* here? Is *Herder* here? Is *Göthe* "here?" "Here, here," replied he, and I ordered the postillion to drive to the Elephant-Inn.

A lackey was instantly dispatched to enquire whether *Wieland* was at home? "No, he is at "court," was the answer;—whether *Herder* was at home? "No, he is at court;"—whether *Göthe* was at home? "No, he is at court." "At court, "at court!" I repeated after the domestic, with a mixture of contempt and disappointment; took my stick, and went into the park situated close to town. A beautiful grove, called the *Star*, particularly delighted me; but I was still more powerfully attracted by the rude, but shady bank of a babbling brook. Soothed by its murmur, I sat down on a moss-covered stone, and read the first book of *Fingal*.

Those who passed me viewed me with an attention uncommon in large towns, where we meet strange faces at every step.

The lackey came at length to inform me that *Herder* was at home; I therefore went to his

house.

house. "*Herder*," says a German author, "has "but one thought, and that is the universe." In his *Archives of Mankind*, there is much that I do not understand; but what I do understand I think excellent. What a picture he draws of the creation! What oriental splendor!—In one of his late works, entitled "God," he demonstrates that *Spinosa* was a profound thinker, entertained the most profound veneration for the Godhead; and was equally distant from Pantheism as Atheism. On this occasion he communicates his own ideas on the Godhead, and the creation. Admirable, cheering ideas! The perusal of this book has afforded me many agreeable hours. I have copied many passages which particularly pleased me; and I shall here introduce one which I just now happened to find in my pocket-book, and is particularly beautiful. The author speaks of death:

"Observe the flower, how it hastens into blossom. It draws to itself sap, air, light, and all the elements which it prepares in order to assist its growth, to furnish the vital juices, and produce blossom; blossom succeeds and disappears. It has now spent all its power, its love and life, in order to become a mother, to leave behind images of itself, and to propagate its

 kind.

kind. Its energies are now exhausted and consumed in the restless service of nature: and it may be said, that from the commencement of life it has been working its own destruction. But what else is destroyed than a form, which it can no longer retain, and which, after it has reached the highest degree of beauty and perfection of which it is susceptible, again hastens to decay. But it does not undergo this change in order, as an already dead being, which would be a gloomy reflection—to make room for vigorous youthful successors, but rather as a living being, in the full enjoyment of the pleasures of existence; it was the author of their existence, and propagated it under a form of the most perfect beauty, in the ever-blooming garden of time, in which itself likewise flourishes. For it does not die with the form under which it appears; the power of the root continues; it will awake from the sleep of winter, and again shoot forth in renewed vernal and youthful beauty with the daughters of its existence, now friends and sisters, by its virgin side. Thus there is no such thing as death in the creation. It is a hastening away of that which cannot remain: that is, the operation of an ever youthful, restless, unextinguishable power, which, from its very nature, cannot remain

a moment

a moment inactive, but is always cooperating in the most admirable manner in its own existence, and that of as many others as it is capable of producing. Can you imagine a more exquisitely beautiful law of wisdom and goodness in the system of transformation, *Theano*, than that by which every thing hastens with quick career to renewed, youthful vigour, and is consequently subject to progressive alteration from one moment to another."

In this work of *Herder's* every thing is plain, intelligible, and accordant. It is not the ardent imagination of youth that here soars in unknown regions, and gleams in the dark like a luminous nightly meteor, which the next moment disappears; but the mature ideas of a wise man are gently borne, as upon the light wings of the zephyrs, into the temple of eternal truth: a mild lustre marks their way. His *Paramythea* is a beauteous production of a blooming fancy, which, animated with a Grecian spirit, is lovely as the dew of the morning.

Herder met me in the hall, and received me so cordially, that I entirely forgot the celebrated author, and the great genius; and saw in him only the amiable and the polite man. He enquired about the political connexions of *Russia*;

but with the greatest modesty. The conversation turned on literature; and when he knew how fond I was of German poetry, he asked me to which of the German poets I gave the preference? This question somewhat embarrassed me. At length I replied, stammering, "I consider *Klopstock* the most sublime German poet." "And with "justice," said *Herder*: "however, he is less read than other poets; and I know several who have laid down the book at the tenth canto of the Messiah, with the intention of never looking at that celebrated poem again." He praised *Wieland* and *Goëthe* in particular. He sent his little boy for the last edition of the works of the latter; and read, with much feeling, some small pieces, of which the song, "My Goddess," pleased him extremely. "It is truly Grecian," said he, after he had read it;—"and what language! what purity, and elegance!"

Herder, *Goëthe*, and others, who are imbued with the spirit of the ancient Greeks, have formed their language after the Grecian model, by which it has been rendered the richest, and best adapted to poetical composition. For this reason, neither the English nor French translations from the Greek possess the same merit as the German. *Homer* is still *Homer* with them:—they possess

the

the same artless and noble simplicity of language which distinguished the ancient times, when queens themselves went to the spring for water, and kings tended their flocks. This simplicity the Greeks expressed by that admirable term ἁπλοτης. I took leave of *Herder* till the next day. He is an extremely amiable man.

It was impossible for me not to visit St. *James*'s church, in which is the bas-relief in memory of the late *Musæus*, author of the Physiognomical Travels, and the Popular Tales of the Germans. Beneath the bas-relief stands an urn, upon a book, with the inscription, "To the ever-memorable *Musæus*."—Tender *Amelia!** Posterity shall thank thee for having known how to appreciate talent.

July 21.

I CALLED twice yesterday at *Wieland*'s; but both times I was told that he was not at home. This morning at eight o'clock I went again, and this time I met with him. "The desire to see you has brought me to *Weimar*," said I. "It was not worth the trouble," replied he, with a cold air, and a reserved shyness, which I had not expected

* The duchess dowager of *Weimar*, and mother of the reigning duke.

pected from *Wieland*. He then asked, how I could have learned the German language so well in *Moscow?* I told him, that I had sufficient opportunities of conversing with Germans, and such as were perfect masters of their language. On this occasion I mentioned *Lenz*, upon which our conversation turned upon this unfortunate man, with whom *Wieland* was once well acquainted. All this time we continued standing, from which I had reason to conclude *Wieland* did not wish me to stay long. "Probably," said I, "I have come at an inconvenient time?" "Yes," replied he, "besides, we usually work in the morning." "Permit me then to call again, at any hour you may appoint. I once more assure you, that I have come to *Weimar* expressly for the purpose of seeing you."

Wieland.—"But what do you want with me?"

I.—"Your works have excited the wish in me to become personally acquainted with their author. I request nothing more from you, than the permission to see you."

Wieland.—"You lay me under some embarrassment. Shall I speak candidly?"

I.—"You will oblige me".

Wieland.—"I am not fond of making new acquaint-

acquaintances; and least of all with persons who are entire strangers to me. I don't know you."

I.—"That I confess; but why should you be apprehensive of me?"

Wieland.—"It has become a fashion in *Germany* to travel with no other view than that of publishing ones travels. Those travellers, whose number is not small, go from one town to another, and endeavour to introduce themselves to celebrated persons, only with the intention of afterwards printing what they hear from them. What is said in private is thus trumpeted abroad to the world; and many have already suffered by these proceedings. I am not perfect master of myself; sometimes I am too frank."

I.—"Recollect, that I am not a German, and cannot possibly write for the German public."

Wieland.—"But for what purpose should we form an acquaintance. Suppose it already formed, and that we should become interesting to each other, must we not soon part? for probably you will not stay here long."

I.—"In order to procure the gratification of your acquaintance, I should gladly prolong my stay at *Wiemar;* and, at my departure, I should rejoice at having seen you as a father in the bosom of your family, and as a friend among friends."

Wieland.

Wieland.—" You are very candid: I must therefore be upon my guard, lest you discover my bad side."

I.—" You jest."

Wieland.—" Not quite. I should even m a point of it, if you prolonged your stay onl my account. In other German towns, as *Gotha*, would perhaps find more pleasure and enter ment."

I.—" You are a poet, and I love poetry. agreeable would it be to me, if you would pe me to chat with you but for one hour, about art which gives a zest to life !"

Wieland.—" I scarcely know how to an you; perhaps you might give me instructio the art of poetry."

I.—" You do me too great honour! Th must take leave of you for ever."

Wieland (smiling, and looking at me).—" I ar physiognomist; but your countenance ins me with a certain confidence. Your ca pleases me; and I never yet saw a Russian you. I knew your *Sch*—, a man of talents, connected, by the most intimate friendship, the spirit of yon veteran (pointing to the bu *Voltaire*). Indeed, your countrymen in ge imitate the French; but you—"

I.—" I thank you."

Wieland.—"If then it should be agreeable to you to spend a few hours with me, call again at half past two o'clock this afternoon."

I.—"I fear—"

Wieland.—"What?"

I.—"That my visit will be troublesome to you."

Wieland.—"I assure you it will be agreeable to me; and I intreat you to believe, that you are not the only sincere person in the world."

I.—"Farewel."

Wieland.—"At half past two I shall expect you."

I.—"I shall come.—Adieu."

This is a faithful representation of my first interview with *Wieland*, which in the beginning wounded my self-love most sensibly; the conclusion of which, however, calmed me a little. I still felt considerably agitated, as I went from *Wieland* to *Herder*'s, and I resolved to leave *Weimar* early the next day.

Herder received me with the same winning affability, the same agreeable smile, and the same frank and sincere mien as yesterday. We spoke of *Italy*, whence he had lately returned; and where the remains of antiquity had furnished him worthy subjects of curiosity. The thought at

once struck me: supposing you were to go from *Switzerland* to *Italy* cast a look at the *Venus de Medici*, the *Apollo Belvidere*, and the *Hercules Farnese*, to survey the majestic ruins of ancient *Rome*, even if it were for no other purpose than to sigh over the insignificance of all sublunary things.— This thought made me completely forget myself for a minute.

I confessed to *Herder*, turning the conversation to his works, that his "Documents of Mankind" were for the greatest part unintelligible to me. "That book," said he, "I wrote in my youth, when my imagination, still possessed of all its powers, was not yet accountable to reason." "Your genius," said I to him, at taking leave, "I was acquainted with from your works; but I "wished likewise to have your image in my mind; "and, for that purpose, I came to see you. Now "I have seen you, and am satisfied. Farewel."

Herder is not tall, and has a dark complection. His forehead and eyes are full of spirit and fire.— But I am afraid you will by and by take me for a physiognomic wizzard. His countenance is very grave, but friendly; and in his behaviour there is nothing affected, nor the slightest trace of any attempt to appear great. He speaks slowly and intelligibly; he gives his words a certain emphasis,

but

but without the least affectation. In conversation with him, the modest favourite of the muses is frequently discovered; but the man of learning, and the profound metaphysician, always remain cautiously concealed.

How delighted I was, my friends, to become personally acquainted with the man whom we formerly knew and esteemed only from his works, and whom we so often endeavoured to represent to ourselves! Now I am convinced, the productions of his genius will afford me far greater pleasure; because, when reading them, I can call to mind the look and voice of their author.

Nine o'clock in the evening.

I WENT to *Wieland*'s at the appointed hour. His lovely children surrounded me at the door. "Father expects you," said one. "Father expects you," said his little daughter: "Come to him," said both together, "We will conduct you," added the former. I kissed them by turns, and they conducted me to their father.

"Forgive me," I addressed him, "if my former visit was not quite agreeable to you. I hope you will not consider as an impertinence what in reality was the consequence of the enthusiasm which your admirable works have excited in me."

me." "You need not make any apology," replied he, "I am glad to hear that the fire of poetry is kindled in such distant regions, now when it begins to expire in *Germany*." We then sat down, and a conversation ensued, which every minute became more lively and more interesting to me. On the subject of his love for poetry, he said, "And if Providence had placed me on a desert island, I should have written, and bestowed the same labor upon all that I should have written, in the belief, that the Muses heard my songs." He wished to know, whether I had written any thing; and whether any of my trifles had been translated into German? I found in my pocket-book the translation of the *Sad Spring*. After I had read it, *Wieland* said, "I pity you, if your disposition be often as you have here described it.—But tell me," continued he, "for you have excited a wish in me to become more intimately acquainted with you—tell me, what is your aim?" "A life of tranquillity and retirement," replied I. "After I have finished my travels, which I have undertaken for the purpose of collecting a few agreeable impressions, and enriching my soul with new ideas, I will live in peace with nature, and all good men. I will every where seek what is beautiful, and enjoy it, amidst the pleasing recol-

lection

lection of the agreeable, and in easy forgetfulness of what is disagreeable and distressing." "Whoeven loves the muses," said *Wieland*, "and is beloved by them, is not inactive, even in solitude; but every where finds an agreeable occupation; he carries with him the source of his contentment, the poetic energy which renders him happy." The conversation at length turned upon philosophers. "None of the systematics," said *Wieland*, "has so ably understood how to captivate his readers as *Bonnet*, and particularly readers of an ardent imagination. He writes intelligibly, agreeably, and makes the reader love both him and his philosophy. He spoke with respect of *Kant*; though, as it seems, he seldom puzzles his brain with his metaphysics. He shewed me a work by his son-in-law, professor *Reinhold*, "an Essay on a new Theory of the Human Imagination," which was just published, and which tends to illustrate *Kant*'s philosophy. "Read that book," said *Wieland*, "if you have a taste for those subjects." "I like your *Agathon* and *Oberon* much better," replied I, "but sometimes I have curiosity enough to cast a look into the region of philosophy." "And is not *Agathon* a philosophical book?" he rejoined. "You will find in it an explanation of the most

 important

important philosophical problems." "I beg pardon," replied I, "it is very true."

Wieland communicated to me, with amiable frankness, his thoughts on some of the most important subjects for mankind. He rejects nothing and maintains nothing; he only makes a distinction between supposition and conviction. He might be called a sceptic, in the higher sense of the word.

He appeared pleased, when I told him his best works had been translated into *Russian*. "But "how are the translations?" he asked. They cannot possibly please those, who know the original, was my answer.—"This is my fate," said *Wieland*, "the French and English translations "have likewise mutilated me."

At six o'clock I rose. He took me by the hand, and most cordially wished me happiness and pleasure. "You have seen me" continued he, "as "I really am. Farewel! and let me hear from "you by and by; I shall always answer you, "wherever you may be." He embraced me and seemed moved, which produced a like disposition in me. On the stairs we shook hands once more, and parted—perhaps for ever; but never, never, shall I forget him. You should have seen, my friends! with what frankness and energy he

speaks

speaks, though nearly sixty years old; what animation prevades every feature of his countenance in conversation! His mind has not yet begun to grow old, and his powers are unimpaired. The same richness and playfulness of poetic genius which distinguish his Oberon, Musarion, and other works, is found in his last production, *Clelia* and *Sinibald*. It appears even, that the last fruits of his muse approach nearer and nearer to perfection. He has been known in *Germany* as an author for upwards of thirty-five years. His earliest essays attracted public attention. The severity of criticism, which then began to prevail in *Germany*, certainly found many faults in these first flights of his youthful genius; though it could not deny the author the merit of a peculiar art of representation, a fertile imagination, and exquisite sensibility. But the period of his fame properly commenced with the publication of his *Comic Tales*, which are inimitable in their kind; and were in *Germany* considered as unique. The reader cannot but admire the wit, taste, and beauty of the language, and the skill in narration which prevail in these pieces. Poems after poems by him have since appeared; the last of which always appeared the best. *Germany* has long acknowledged him one of her first-rate poets. He now

reposes beneath his laurels, but he does not slumber. The French have renounced their former contemptible opinion of German literature, which was not without foundation, at a time when the Germans occupied themselves with the departments of dry literature. If the principal and most impartial of the French literati now confess, that the Germans have not only overtaken them in many things, but even surpassed them in many others, it must be confessed, that *Wieland's* works have partly contributed to produce this effect; though they are not remarkably well translated into the French language. I saw *Göthe* yesterday, but only at his window, as I passed his house; I stood and looked at him several minutes. A real Grecian face! This morning I called upon him, but he was not at home. He had set off very early for *Jena*. There are several other celebrated authors, who reside at *Weimar*, as *Bertuch*, *Bode*, &c. The former is the translator of *Don Quixote*, and editor of the Magazine of *Spanish* and *Portuguese* Literature; and the latter has published excellent translations of *Sterne's* Sentimental Journey, Tristram Shandy, and some other esteemed works. The Dutchess *Amelia* patronises talents. It was she who invited *Wieland* to her court, and committed to him the education of the young duke.

She

She also prevailed on *Goethe* to reside at *Wiemar*; whose *Werter* had acquired him great celibrity; and by her means *Herder* was made superintendant-general at *Weimar*. Farewel! my friends, the clearness of the night allures me from my apartment. I seize my pilgrim's staff, and am going to feast my eyes on slumbering nature, and the mild beauties of the starry firmament.

Weimar, July 22.

I HAVE heard at this place several anecdotes of our countryman *Lenz*. He came to *Weimar* for the sake of his friend *Göthe*: they were fellow-students at *Strasburg*. He was every where well received as a man of talents, but soon began to shew his eccentricities. He once appeared on a ball-night at court in a mask and domino, and with his hat on. All eyes were fixed on him, and expressions of astonishment resounded from every quarter; but he stepped up with the utmost composure and unconcern to a lady of the highest distinction, and requested her to dance with him. The young duke, who is fond of a joke, was highly diverted with this drollery, which afforded him a subject for a good deal of mirth; but the titled gentlemen and ladies composing

posing the court of *Weimar*, were of opinion that the impudent scoundrel deserved at least to be beheaded.—Immediately on his arrival at *Weimar* he fell in love with all the young and handsome ladies in that town, and made verses on every one of them. The young duchess was then in mourning for the death of her sister. *Lenz* wrote a sublime poem on this occasion, in which he did not forget to compare himself to *Ixion*, who had the audacity to love the spouse of *Jove*. He once met the duchess in the street, and instead of bowing, he threw himself upon his knees, extending his arms towards heaven, and in that position he remained till the duchess had passed him. The next day all his acquaintance received notes from him, on which he was represented kneeling to the duchess, and stretching out his hands.

However, neither poetry nor love entirely occupied his mind; he took it into his head that his serene highness's military forces wanted a reform, and on this subject he presented several plans to the duke. Notwithstanding all this, he was not only tolerated in *Weimar*, but he even became a favorite with the ladies. At length he fell out with *Goëthe*, who soon obliged him to leave *Weimar*. A certain lady took him to her country-seat,

where he read *Shakspeare* to her for some days, and then sallied forth into the wide world. I intend to set off for *Erfurth* after dinner. Farewell.

Erfurth, July 22.

IMMEDIATELY upon my arrival at this town, I went to the Benedictine convent on the *Petersberg*. I requested the first monk whom I met with to shew me the spot where count *Gleichen* is buried. The fat *Pater* (N. B. the convent is rich) told me in a hoarse voice that I ought to go to the sexton. He conducted me through a long passage, where, amid darkness visible, I beheld crucifixes and expiring lamps. Here my conductor left me to seek for the sexton. It is difficult to describe my sensations when traversing this gloomy passage alone, and in the most profound silence. My eyes wandered over the crucifixes, the lamps, and several ancient pictures, representing many horrible scenes. I fancied myself in the dreary abode of fanaticism. My imagination represented that monster in all its deformity; it appeared before me with its hair erect with rage, the foam issuing from its mouth, with wild flaming eyes, and its hand armed

armed with a dagger pointed towards my heart. I began to tremble, and a cold shudder chilled the blood in my veins. Infernal execrations from the abyss of past ages thundered in my ears. Fortunately the pater at this moment returned, and the images of my fancy vanished. "The sexton is at supper with the other monks," said he. "But can you not shew me *Gleichen*'s "tomb? "O yes," said he, "if you wish to see nothing more." On our entering the church he lifted up two broad boards joined together, and I beheld a stone...But I must first relate *Gleichen*'s history.

When a holy zeal to drive the infidels from the Holy Land had seized all *Europe*, and the pious knights, bearing the badge of the cross, repaired in crowds to the east, count *Gleichen* also left his native land, and with his friends and countrymen went to *Asia*. I shall not describe his great and heroic atchievements. I shall content myself with saying, that the bravest knights of Christendom admired his prowess; but it pleased heaven to try the hero's faith. Count *Gleichen* was made prisoner by the infidels, and became the slave to a Muhamedan of distinction, who entrusted his gardens to *Gleichen*'s care.

The unfortunate count was now employed in

watering

watering violets and blue-bells, lilies and roses. The hero long endured the horrors of captivity; but all his sighs and vows would have been ineffectual, if a fair Saracen, his master's lovely daughter, had not begun to regard him with looks of the tenderest affection. Often, concealed beneath the veil of night, did she listen to his melancholy songs...often did she see him weep whilst praying, and her beauteous eyes were likewise suffused in tears. A modest shame, the peculiar virtue of a youthful female heart, long prevented her from declaring her passion, or from intimating in any manner to the slave, how deeply she sympathized in his sorrows. At length the spark kindled into a flame, shame was silenced, and love could no longer be concealed in her heart, but poured in fiery torrents from her mouth into the soul of the astonished count. Her angelic innocence, her blooming beauty, and the idea, that by her means he might perhaps be able to obtain his liberty...all this made such a powerful impression on his mind, that he forgot his wife. He swore eternal love to the beauteous Saracen, on condition that she would agree to leave father and native land, and fly with him to *Europe*. Ah! she had already forgotten her father and her country. The count was her all. She

She hastens away, brings a key, opens a private door leading to the fields, and flies away with her beloved. The silence of night which covered them with her sable mantle, favours their flight. They arrive safely in the country of the count. His vassals joyfully greet their lord and father, whom they had given up for lost, and with looks of curiosity behold his companion, whose face is concealed beneath a veil. On their arrival at the castle, the countess rushes into his embraces. "That you, my dear wife, see me again," said he, "you have to thank her" (pointing to his deliverer); "She has, for my sake, left her father "and her native land." The count covers his streaming eyes with his hands. The beauteous Saracen drops her veil; and, throwing herself at the feet of the countess, exclaims, "I am thy "vassal!" "Thou art my sister," replied the countess, raising and embracing her. "My hus-"band shall be thine also; we will share his "heart." The count, astonished at the magnanimity of his wife, presses her to his heart; all three are united in one embrace, and they swear to love each other till death. Heaven blessed this threefold union, and the pope himself confirmed it. The count's habitation was the abode of peace and happiness, and he, with his

two faithful wives, were after their death laid in one grave in the church of the Benedictine convent A large stone covers it, on which the chisel of sensibility has represented them. When beholding this stone, I blessed their memory.

After having sufficiently enjoyed the delightful prospect from the *Petersberg*, I went to the Orphan-house, to see the cell in which *Martin Luther* lived from 1505 to 1512. On the walls of this small dark apartment is written the history of this remarkable man; and on the table lies a copy of the first edition of the *German* bible, which *Luther* himself used, interleaved, and full of manuscript notes, written with *Luther*'s own hand. How was it possible, thought I, that an obscure monk, living in this gloomy cell, could, in spite of the pope and emperor, effect such a reformation in the church? At my going away, I observed in the cross-aisle a great number of curious pictures. One represents an emperor, to whom death approaches with a low bow, and most humbly informs him, that it is time to leave this earthly life and to go to another. In a second picture, friend *Nick*, in regal attire, stands behind an actress, and takes from her the dagger and mask. A third represents a *Printer*, in a stuff morning-gown and large wig, together

 with

with his foreman. *Death* cuts the former down with his scythe, and underneath are the following words, "*Even Printers must die.*"

Frankfort on the Mayn, 28th July.

YESTERDAY, my friends, I arrived in *Frankfort*. The road from *Gotha* to this place appeared very tedious. I was obliged almost at every station either to pass the night, (I travelled by the common post, or at least to wait several hours. The roads were everywhere extremely bad, so that we could only go a foot-pace, and even the pavement in the small towns and villages was in such wretched condition, that we could scarcely proceed at any rate. It is true I had plenty of room in the coach, as I was almost always alone; but the very slow rate at which we went, and incessant stopping, became at last intolerable to me. Besides, nothing remarkable presented itself, and I doubt whether even *Sterne* would have here found much to interest his heart. Only the rude country about *Eisenach* produced agreeable sensations in my mind, as it reminded me of the primitive wildness of nature. My attention was likewise attracted by the castle of *Wartburg*, situated not far from *Eisenach* on a mountain,

tain, where *Luther* concealed himself for some time, after the diet of *Worms*. Two stones are also to be seen here, in which fancy finds some resemblance to the human figure, and of which ancient tradition has preserved the following tale.

A young monk fell in love with a beautiful nun. In vain he strove to suppress his love—in vain he had recourse to fasting and mortifications to subdue his passions. His blood boiled, and the image of the beauteous nun was always present to his mind. He attempted to pray, but his tongue, obedient to the dictates of his heart, pronounced only the words, "I love, I love." Often did he repair to the monastery that contained his beloved;—often did he shed scalding tears at the sight of her, while a deep scarlet flushed the cheeks of his mistress, and sympathetic tears rolled from her eyes. Their hearts understood each other. They were terrified at their feelings, and yet they cherished them. At last the monk, with trembling hand, presented to his beloved the following letter: "Beloved sister! not far from the gate of the monastery, on the right hand, rises a steep crag. Thither will I repair at the approach of night; and you, my beloved, will also be there, or I shall throw myself from its summit, and die

both

both the temporal and everlasting death." The virgin's heart trembled. "I must meet him," said she, "without the walls of the monastery! alone! in the silence of the night!—Impossible! But,...yes,...I must save him from the dreadful crime of suicide."

She contrives means to escape from the monastery—proceeds amidst the darkness of the night, and is terrified at every noise. She at length arrives at the hill, and instantly rushes into the arms of her expectant lover. They forget every thing, and are lost in ecstacy; but at once the blood in their veins is chilled—their limbs are deprived of motion—the heart ceases to beat—and the wrath of Heaven transforms them to stones. "There they are," said the postilion, pointing to the top of the mountain. This popular tale afforded *Wieland* the materials for his admirable poem, *The Monk and the Nun.*

The post-coach stopped at a house in a small town on this side of *Hirschfeld*, which I conceived to be, as usual, a public house. I walked in, and asked of the first that came towards me, with a low bow, for some Rhenish wine and water. I then threw myself into a chair, without thinking of pulling off my hat. In the room were four men, who conversed very civilly with me. A

bottle

bottle of Rhenish wine was brought. I drank and praised the wine, and at last asked what I had to pay. "Nothing," answered a man, bowing at the same time, "you are not in a public house, "but the guest of an honest burgher, who is ex- "tremely glad that you like his wine." Imagine my amazement! I pulled off my hat, and began to apologize. "It is not worth mentioning," said my host, "I request only your kindness for my daughter, who is going to accompany you." To which I replied, "I will treat her with politeness —with honor—and every thing you please." The daughter, a pretty girl of twenty, dressed in a green surtout, with a black hat, entered the room. We bade adieu, got into the coach, and set off. *Caroline* (that was her name) told me, that she was going to her aunt in a neighbouring village. That I might not trouble her with farther questions, I took the *Vicar of Wakefield* from my pocket. My fellow-traveller yawned, and could scarcely keep her eyes open. At last she fell fast asleep, with her head upon my shoulder. I durst not stir, for fear of waking her; but a sudden and violent shake of the coach threw her to the other corner. I offered her my large pillow, which she took and placed under her head, and fell asleep again. Meantime it grew dark.

Caroline

Caroline slept soundly, and did not awake till we reached the place where we parted. As to me, I behaved more honorably than even the virtuous knight, who is afraid of offending, by an immodest look, the bashful innocence entrusted to his care. Such examples, my friends, are rare, very rare in this age! *Caroline*, in her innocence, did not think it necessary to thank me for my reserve, and took leave of me rather coolly. God be with her!

I have not been so low-spirited during my whole journey, as at *Hirschfeld*. I arrived about five o'clock in the afternoon, and was obliged to wait there till midnight. The town contains nothing at all remarkable, and I knew not what to do with myself. I had no inclination to read, and as little to write, though the postmaster's wife brought me a whole quire of paper at my request. I sat absorbed in melancholy, and thought of my distant friends. I felt myself cut off from them, and my heart was deeply afflicted.

I arrived at *Frankfort* at night, in rain, and proceeded to the *Star* inn, where I have got a very pretty apartment.

Frankfort, July 29th.

THE disagreeable weather continues. I am sitting in my room with the window open, and though I am wet through with the rain, and shivering with cold, yet my hardy Russian breast is apprehensive of no ill-consequences; but the son of the Iron North laughs at the storms of the climate of *Frankfort*.

Notwithstanding, I must confess that in so mild a climate I did not expect such weather. The further I removed from the North Pole, the more I rejoiced at the thought of having left behind me cold and humidity, and all the rudenesses and hardships of nature. Where flow the *Rhine* and the *Mayn*, thought I, the climate is serene—the days clear, and only gentle zephyrs fan the air. Blooming nature is ever embellished by the genial beams of the all-cheering luminary. But now I am here, I find, in the middle of the summer, the sharpest autumn weather. But I am determined to defy the weather; and I swear by the *Titans* and the tremendous *Styx*, not to leave *Frankfort* before the weather holds up. Yesterday I was out no where, but to the opulent banker, *Willemer*, with whom I conversed upon the recent occurrences at *Paris*. Great God! what

what is transacting there! Could our *A.*, who went to *Paris* a fortnight ago, have supposed he would be a spectator of such scenes? For the rest, you must not think, my friends, that time hangs heavy on my hands in my room. Three yards from my lodgings, is a circulating library, from which I borrowed yesterday, *Schiller's Fiesko*. This tragedy has afforded me much pleasure. But nothing moved me so much as *Fiesko's Soliloquy*, when, in the silent hour of morning, he considers, whether it is better to remain a citizen, and ask nothing more for the services he rendered his country, than the love of his fellow-citizens, ...or, to take advantage of circumstances, and to seize the sovereign authority. I could have gone upon my knees, and have entreated him to chuse the former. What energy of sentiment! what animated language! Upon the whole, *Fiesko* has made a much greater impression upon my mind, than *Don Carlos*, though I saw the latter performed, and it is preferred by the critics to the former. To-day I have likewise read *Iffland's* plays with great delight; they are excellent family pictures, and would certainly please our countrymen, if translated in a manner adapted to the Russian stage.

A young doctor of medicine lodges at the same

inn

inn as I do. He took tea with me yesterday, and passed the evening here. According to his opinion, all evil in the world proceeds from people's inattention to their stomachs. "A foul stomach," said he, "is not only the source of all diseases, but produces every kind of vice, bad habits, and base actions. Why are the endeavours of the moralists of so little avail? because these gentlemen consider men to be possessed of health, and speak to them as such, though they in fact are ill. Instead of their admonitions, they had better administer aperient medicines. Disorders of the mind always arise from the disorders of the body. When every thing appertaining to our frame is in proper equilibrium, when all our vessels act as they ought, and the necessary fluids are regularly secreted,...in a word, when every part of the body performs the part for which nature destined it, then the soul is also healthy...then man chuses, and does what is good: he is wise and virtuous, and consequently happy and joyful." "Therefore, if *Caligula* had not had a bad stomach, he would never have taken it into his head to build a bridge across the *Mediterranean sea?*" "Without doubt not," answered the doctor; "and if his physician had administered a few purgative pills, he would certainly have abandoned his mad de-

sign

sign in less than an hour. Whence was it, that men of the golden age were so good and so happy? Certainly, because they subsisted upon vegetables and milk, and of course were not exposed to the danger of overloading or depraving their stomachs. Upon my word! yes, I assure you, that if I were a prince, instead of inflicting punishment upon criminals, I would order them to the hospital, and physic them, till they became good men and useful citizens. I shall one day lay my opinion, and all my proofs in favor of it, before the public. Perhaps they will effect a complete revolution in philosophy; and then recollect, Sir, that you already heard it from me." I admired the learned doctor's logic.

July 30th.

At length the *Frankfort* sky has ceased to lower, and now smiles cheerfully on all around. In order to enjoy the fine weather, I have walked about till my feet are sore. This morning my host conducted me to the gardens. In one of them we met with a venerable old man, and very rich, as my companion told me. When he heard that I was a foreigner on my travels, he took me by the hand and said; "I will myself show you "every thing worth seeing in my garden. How

" do you like this dark avenue ?" I replied," Its cooling shade must be very refreshing in hot weather." " And that summer-house, beneath " the branches of yon chesnut-tree ?" " It must " be delightful to sit there in the evening, when " the moon sheds her silver light through the " umbrageous foliage on the surrounding ver- " dure." " And that hill ?" " Ah ! how I should " like to meet there the rising sun ! " " And that " grove ?" " There in spring the nightingale doubt- " less pours forth her delightful strains as cheerfully " as in the wildest bushes, unconscious that art " allured her to that retreat." " What do you say " about this cottage. ?" " It seems formed for the " habitation of a man endued with sensibility, who " loves simplicity, solitude, and retirement." " Now you must take a cup of coffee with me." After taking coffee, I arose, thanked my host for his hospitality, and took my leave.

During the bad weather *Frankfort* appeared destitute of inhabitants ; but I now see it is extremely populous, for then every body staid at home excepting those obliged to go abroad ; but now they are allured by the sun-shine, like ants from their holes.

Frankfort in consequence of its flourishing and extensive trade, is one of the most opulent

towns in *Germany*. Except a few noble families residing here, almost every inhabitant is engaged in trade A great many shops are to be found in every street, and every where you observe marks of industry, assiduity, and opulence; so that I have not seen even a single beggar. But *Frankfort* cannot be called a fine city. Almost all the houses are old, and painted in stripes of various colors, which produce an unpleasing effect on the eye.

Living is very cheap in the houses of public accommodation, and I pay no more than fifty copecs for a dinner, consisting of five well dressed dishes, and a desert of two or three plates. Wine is equally reasonable; a bottle of Rhenish wine, of a late vintage, costs only ten copecs, and one of old wine forty copecs. After dinner to-day, when the heat was somewhat abated, I walked out of the town. Gardens, country seats, meadows, and vineyards compose a landscape not unworthy of the pencil of a *Salvator Rosa*, or a *Poussin*.

I was attracted by a solitary house, with a small garden, not far from the high road, and I went along a narrow foot-path towards it. Two little boys ran to meet me, but soon turned back, crying, "It is not he; it is not *Caspar*;" and concealed themselves in the house. The inviting shade of an old chesnut-tree induced me to sit down beneath

neath its branches. In five minutes the boys came running out of the house, and after them a woman, of a pleasing countenance, about thirty years of age, in a white gown and straw hat. She sat down on the steps before the house, and looked at the boys jumping about her, with a smile of such benignity that it was easy to discover she was their mother. The boys agreed to run a race. They took each other by the hand, and, when they were about thirty paces from the house, they stood still, put the right foot forwards, and waited for their mother to give the signal for starting. She dropped her white pocket handkerchief, and they flew towards her like arrows. The elder beat the younger, ran up to his mother, and fell about her neck, crying "I am the first!"—The younger came up, and likewise threw himself into her embrace. What a group! What a moving picture of domestic happiness! Perhaps it would not have affected me so much in the town, but among the beauties of rural scenery the heart is more susceptible of every thing that contributes to the sum of that real happiness with which the goodness of heaven has filled the cup of life.

Farewel, solitary house! peace, happiness, and tranquillity, be ever the portion of thy inmates!

 And

And thou, shady tree, long mayst thou receive the wanderer under thy shadow, that beneath the shelter of thy rustling foliage he may rejoice at the happiness of innocence and virtue!

July 31st

THIS morning I was at the village of *Bergen*, where a bloody battle took place in the year 1759, between the French, commanded by Marshal *Broglio*, and the allies, under Prince *Ferdinand* of *Brunswick*, in which the former were victorious. In the town-house here, which is called the *Roman*, is shewn a hall, in which the emperor elect dines. It contains pictures of the emperors from *Conrad* to *Charles* IV. Whoever does not grudge the expence of a ducat, may likewise see among the archives the celebrated golden bull of Charles IV. which is written on forty-three quarto pages of parchment. It has its name from the gold box containing the seal, which is fastened to it by a silk ribband, on one side of which the emperor is represented seated on his throne, and, on the other, the Castle of *St. Angelo*. On the latter are the words, *Aurea Roma*, written in the following manner—

Aur
Ear
Oma

I was also in the Catholic cathedral church, in which

which the emperor elect is crowned by the elector of *Mentz*. Here I observed a statue of the Virgin *Mary*, in a muslin dress. "Has she often new clothes?" I asked my conductor. "Every year." was his answer. But though the principal church belongs to the Catholics, the Lutheran religion is the predominant, and the catholic clergy at *Frankfort* are not allowed to have any public processions. There are also many of the reformed persuasion here; who are mostly descendants of the French refugees, expelled from their country in the reign of *Lewis* the fourteenth; but they cannot acquire the privileges of citizens; and are not even allowed the public exercise of divine worship, though the *Jews* have a *Synagogue* here. Such intolerance certainly does no honor to the people of *Frankfort*.

The number of Jews exceeds 7000. They are all compelled to live in one street. This street is so dirty, that it is impossible to pass through it without holding one's nose. It is painful to see these unfortunate beings so oppressed by the rest of mankind. Their clothes mostly consist of filthy rags, through the holes in which the bare skin often appears. On Sundays, when the Christian service commences, their street is shut up; and the poor Jews remain like prisoners in a cage till it is concluded. They are likewise shut up at

 night.

night. Besides these oppressions they are also obliged to carry water on occasion of fire, and to assist in extinguishing it. There are many opulent people amongst them; but they are as inattentive to cleanliness as the poor. I became acquainted with a Jew, a man of abilities and of education. He invited me to his house, and treated me with the greatest politeness. His young wife, by birth a French woman, spoke German just as fluently as her native tongue; and I passed several hours very agreeably with them. But what did not my olfactory nerves suffer during that time! I wished to see their synagogue. It resembles a dark dungeon. Thou God of *Israel!* the chosen people of the Most High! is it here that thou art worshipped? thought I. Dimly burned the candles in an atmosphere impregnated with mephitic vapours. Terror and deep affliction were visible in the faces of the supplicants. Not a cheerful face was to be seen; no cheek was bedewed with tears of grateful love; no look of devout ecstasy raised towards heaven. I saw none but trembling criminals before me, expecting condemnation, and scarcely daring to implore mercy of their Judge. "Why do you come hither?" said my Jewish host; "Spare us! our temple was at *Jerusalem*, where

it

it pleased the Most High to appear to his chosen people. But that magnificent pile is destroyed; we are dispersed over the face of the earth, and assemble here only to mourn over the calamities of our nation. Leave us; we can be to you only a spectacle of misery!" I was not able to answer him a word. I shook him by the hand, and departed. It has long since been remarked, that all the unfortunate are united by a close bond: thus the Jews, oppressed by fortune and their fellow-creatures, are much more intimately connected with each other than we flourishing christians. I mean, there is more fellow-feeling among them than other people. This morning, for instance, a Jew in a ragged coat entered my room with various trifling articles. Doctor *M.* who happened to be with me, said, "Never buy any thing of Jews, they are all cheats." "It is not true," replied the Israelite, with warmth, "we are not more dishonest than christians;" and angrily left the room.—Yesterday I went to another Jew to exchange some ducats for French crowns. On the table lay *Mendelssohn*'s *Jerusalem*. "*Mendelssohn* was a great man," said I, taking up the book. "Probably you are acquainted with him as such," said he, with a smile of exultation; "but do you know too, that he belonged to our people, and

wore

wore as long a beard as myself?" "I know it," was my answer. My Jew then began to praise *Mendelssohn* with warmth and enthusiasm; and at length concluded his eulogium with repeating, that this great man, this *Socrates* and *Plato* of modern times, was a Jew. The following circumstance is another example of this public spirit: *Shakspeare's* Merchant of *Venice* was lately performed at the theatre here; next day the *Frankfort* Jews sent word to the manager of the theatre, "that if this play was performed a second time, not one of them would enter the theatre again." The manager, unwilling to diminish his receipts, replied, that this play should be struck out of the stage-list of the *Frankfort* theatre.

Frankfort, August 1.

THERE are two roads from hence to *Strasburg*; one through *Darmstadt*, *Heidelberg*, and *Carlsruhe*, and the other through the *Palatinate*. Both were equally recommended to me; but I resolved to choose the latter, being very desirous of seeing Mr. *Stark*, the court-chaplain. I hired a horse, and rode to *Darmstadt*. The country about *Frankfort* is likewise very beautiful on this side; but nearer *Darmstadt*, which is twelve miles distant from *Frankfort*, the scenery is not so pleas-

ing.

ing. I found the road very sandy in some parts, and in others very much out of repair; which confirmed me in my resolution of going by the way of *Manheim*. The villages that I saw were all very well built; and I found every where public houses, many of which had uncommonly whimsical signs. Four miles from *Darmstadt* commences a very good road: and now I had a view of the town, lying betwixt woody mountains, and forming an interesting picture from this point. I put up my horse at an inn; and, dispatching a servant with a note to Mr. *Stark*, threw myself into an armed chair, to rest myself a little; but I had not sat many minutes before I was called to dinner. In the dining-room I found about eight well dressed persons, amongst whom was a Frenchman, in compliment to whom we spoke French. A young gentleman from *Strasburg* related, very circumstantially, what disturbances had taken place a few days before; but he spoke such bad French that we could hardly understand him. Meantime, the servant returned with the disagreeable intelligence that *Stark* was not in *Darmstadt*, but at the baths of *Schwalbach*. " Mr. *Stark*," said the gentleman who sat next me, " was very ill. The attacks of the *Berlin* writers had produced such bad effects on his constitution, that

it

it was with great difficulty the physicians could save his life." I pity *Stark* with all my heart. A good name indisputably is one of the most precious things a man can possess, and yet how lightly does not one deprive another of this treasure? O *Shakspear! Shakspear!* who knew the human heart like thee? who ever exposed the folly of calumny in words as strong as thine?

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls. [nothing;
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

The golden proverbs of *Pythagoras* appear but copper, compared with these lines, which every one, be he Christian, Turk, Jew, or Heathen, ought to inscribe with indelible characters in his heart.

After dinner I went to the building where the military exercise It is large enough for manœuvring a whole regiment at once, and a great quantity of arms of all kinds are kept in it. I was also in the large garden belonging to the palace; and rambled through the town, which does not contain above 500 houses; I then mounted my horse, and trotted back to *Frankfort*.

During

During my stay at *Frankfort* I was twice at the play; but both times, to my great disappointment, miserable Germanized French farces were performed. My attention was therefore directed to the audience, rather than the performers; and I remarked that the people of *Frankfort* dress with great taste, and that they go to the play not to make a noise, but to hear, to see, or to yawn.

Mentz, August 2.

I ARRIVED here at eight o'clock in the evening, in the diligence, in which I intend to go to *Strasburg*. What an excellent road from *Frankfort* to *Mentz!* what charming scenery! what a delightful country! As we approached *Mentz*, I saw to the left the majestic *Rhine*, and the placid *Mayn*, flowing almost close together; and on the right, a chain of vine-covered hills extends further than the eye can reach. How my heart dilated with joy! "*Rhine, Rhine!* at length I see thee!" I exclaimed in raptures—"at length I can praise thee on the banks of thy majestic current, thou monarch of German rivers!"

Mentz is situated on the western shore of the *Rhine*, at its conflux with the *Mayn*. The streets are narrow; there are few elegant houses, but churches, convents, and monks in abundance.

"Would

"Would you like, Sir, to see the bowels of *St. Boniface*, which are preserved in *St. John*'s church?" asked my lackey, with the utmost gravity. "No, my friend," replied I, "*St. Boniface* may have been a very good man, and a zealous converter of heathens, but his bowels have not the least charms for me. Conduct me rather into the fields, out of the town." We set off. I sat down on the shore of the *Rhine*, and contemplated in his waves the reflection of the setting sun, and of the verdant banks.

I supped at night at the *table d'hote*, together with several travellers. They all drank Rhenish wine like water. I told the landlord to give me a bottle of the oldest Hochheim he had in his cellar. "You will thank me for this Nectar," said my obsequious host, as he set the bottle before me, "it was left me by my father, who died above thirty years ago." It was truly excellent, equally grateful to the taste and smell. I rejoiced like a child, to think that I was drinking Rhenish wine on the banks of the *Rhine!* I filled the glass, was delighted with the briskness and the brightness of the wine; treated those who sat next to me, and was as happy as a king. The bottle was soon emptied, and the landlord assured me, "he had some excellent Kostheim, which

which was likewise left him by his father." "I believe," said I, "that the wine does credit to your father's memory; but I have had enough for the present!"

Manheim, August 3d.

WE left *Mentz* very early this morning. We kept along the left bank of the *Rhine*, through *Oppenheim* and *Worms*, and arrived in *Manheim* at seven o'clock in the evening. This part of *Upper Germany* may with justice be called a terrestrial paradise. The road is as smooth as a table, and the country is covered with delightful villages, rich vineyards, and trees loaded with fruit. Apples, pears, and walnuts grow by the road side—a spectacle absolutely inchanting to an inhabitant of the North, accustomed only to the sight of gloomy fir-trees and enclosed gardens, guarded by ever-watchful Arguses. And through these fertile plains flows the venerable *Rhine*, crowned with vine-garlands, and bearing on his undulating bosom the heart-cheering products of his happy shores to distant countries, on which nature has not been so lavish of her blessings.

But, alas! where can those, born of woman, be entirely exempted from misery? Where is not

the sky now and then overcast? Where does not Heaven's thunder frequently resound in the ears of affrighted mortals? Where are not shed the tears of anguish? They even flow here, and I have seen them;—I have heard the sighs of the poor rustic. The *Rhine* and the *Neckar* were swelled by the heavy rains; and their desolating waves overflowed gardens, fields, and villages. Here floated a fragment of a house, where before dwelt happiness and peace. There the impetuous torrent carried along with it the stock of the industrious—alas! in vain, industrious countryman. There a bleating sheep was hurried down the stream! We were obliged, in several places, to drive through the water, which sometimes even ran into the carriage. Yet this inundation afforded a magnificent spectacle, which presented itself when turning into a long avenue, which commences about three wersts from *Manheim.* This whole avenue was surrounded on both sides by water, and as it was perfectly still here, the avenue had the appearance of an immense bridge.

We breakfasted at *Oppenheim*, a town in the Palatinate, and drank some of the celebrated wine, called Nierenstein, but which I did not think so good as the Hochheim.

Opposite

Opposite *Oppenheim*, on the other side of the *Rhine*, stands a lofty pyramid, on the top of which is a lion holding a sword in his paw. This monument was erected by *Gustavus Adolphus*, the King of *Sweden*, in the year 1631, when he crossed the *Rhine*, after the defeat of the Spaniards and the taking of *Oppenheim*.

The old town-house at *Worms* is worthy of notice. Here *Luther* was tried at the diet, in 1521, before the emperor and the princes of the empire. Ever since that time a bench is shewn here, on which a glass, with poisoned liquor, intended for *Luther*, broke of itself. Many travellers cut a chip off this bench, so that the whole piece is almost gone!

Manheim is a fine town. The streets are perfectly regular, and intersect each other at right angles, which, at least on the first view, is very pleasing to the eye. The *Rhine*, *Neckar*, and *Heidelberg* gates are decorated with handsome bas-reliefs. There are also several open places in the town, which are surrounded with elegant houses. The palace of the Elector is situated at the conflux of the *Rhine* and *Neckar*. If I had not been so desirous to see *Switzerland*, I should certainly have staid here a few weeks, for *Manheim* pleased me exceedingly.

Manheim, August 4th.

I HAVE seen the collection of statues in the academy of sculpture. It contains some very good copies of the celebrated *Belvedere* antiques. The spectator cannot suppress his astonishment at the skill of the ancients, who knew how to infuse such spirit into marble! *M.* spoke to us often, as you will recollect, with delight of the *Laocoon.* At this opportunity I had the satisfaction of seeing this group, which is reckoned one of the most exquisite *chef d'œuvres* of Grecian art, and, in the opinion of many literati, is the workmanship of *Phidias.* Some also assert, that it furnished the ideas of *Virgil*'s masterly description of the terrible death of *Laocoon.* I read that passage of the immortal *Eneid,* while contemplating this work of art. With what life is corporeal pain expressed in the face of the venerable sufferer; and how strongly is the distress of the unfortunate father delineated, who witnesses the melancholy fate of his children, without being able to render them assistance! *Phidias* was more than a painter—*Phidias* was a poet!

Strasburg,

Strasburg, August 6th.

THE road from *Manheim* to *Strasburg* leads through an extensive plain, where bounteous nature has lavished all the riches of fertility on gardens and fields, and presents to mortals the brimming cup of delight and unalloyed pleasure.

How agreeable and amusing it is, my friends, to travel from one country to another, to behold new objects, through which our mind as it were acquires new life, and to feel the invaluable liberty of man, which really renders him worthy of the title of Master of the Creation. All other living creatures are confined to certain climates, and cannot step beyond the limits assigned them by nature, but die where they were born. Not so man. By the power of his mighty will, he roves from clime to clime—seeks, and every where finds, pleasures—is a welcome guest to nature, who is ever opening for him new sources of delight—every where enjoys his existence, and rejoices that he is a man.

And what wisdom is there not in the universal bond, in consequence of which I find in every country all the accommodations of life, as if they were purposely prepared for me before hand; and which induces the inhabitants, wherever I go, to

offer me the fruits of their labor and industry, and even to invite me to partake of their comforts and pleasures!

In a word, my friends, travelling affords food for the mind and heart. Let the melancholy man travel, in order to forget his melancholy! Let the misanthrope travel, to learn to love mankind! Let every one travel, who can travel!

When we arrived at the *French* boundary, the postillion stopped. A fellow of a filthy appearance approaching the coach, addressed us... "*Vous étes* "*dejà en France, messieurs, et je vous en felicite.*" It was the custom-house-officer, who expected a few sous for this congratulation.

All *Alsace* is in confusion. Whole villages are taking up arms, and the peasants wear the National cockade. The post-masters, postillions, women and all, talk of nothing but the Revolution. Fresh tumults are commencing at *Strasburg*. The whole garrison have thrown off the yoke of subordination. The soldiers, regardless of their officers, drink in the public-houses without paying for their liquor, stroll about the streets, abuse their officers, &c. I myself saw a body of intoxicated soldiers stop the coach of a prelate, and oblige him to drink, "*Vive la nation!*" out of the same pot with his coachman. The ecclesiastic turned

pale

pale with fear, and stammered with a tremulous voice, "*Mes amis! mes amis!...Oui, nous sommes* "*vous amis!*" "And now you must drink "with us," cried the soldiers. This confusion continues in the streets almost incessantly, but the inhabitants appear as if they knew nothing of the matter, and transact their business without interruption. The officers sit at the windows and laugh, while looking at the tumult. I was to-day at the theatre, where I observed nothing but gaiety among the audience. The young officers ran from box to box, applauding as loudly as possible, and endeavouring to drown by clapping, the noise made by the drunken agents of discord before the playhouse. The uproar became so great, that the performers were several times unable to proceed. The neighbourhood of *Strasburg* is infested by banditti, who plunder the monasteries; and it is said, that a young man went about through the villages personating the count *d'Artois*, and exciting the peasantry, by assuring them that the king had granted them perfect liberty to do what they pleased till the fifteenth of *August*. This proceeding caused the government here to issue the following declaration;...

"That only infernal villainy, the author of "which

"which deserved the most exemplary punish-
"ment that it was possible to inflict, could have
"propagated such wickedness."

The cathedral of this place is indisputably the most majestic Gothic building, and its steeple the highest of any in *Europe*. On entering this temple it is impossible to suppress sentiments of awful veneration. But if the spectator would not disturb this disposition of mind, he must not look at the bas-reliefs on the walls and columns, most of which represent singular, and some highly ludicrous circumstances. For instance, asses, monkeys, and other animals, appear in monastic habits; some of them are walking in procession with the most solemn gravity, and others are dancing about and playing their antics. One of these bas-reliefs exhibits a monk and a nun in the most indecent situation. The rich vessels and the decorations of the altar, are shewn as curiosities. One silver crucifix only, which *Lewis* XIV. gave to this church, cost about £.100,000. You ascend to the top of the steeple by a winding staircase of 725 steps, from which it is impossible to look down without a certain terror. The people in the street resemble insects crawling, and the whole town appears, as if it might be measured in a minute

with

with a yard. The villages of the neighbourhood are scarcely discernible; and at a distance of forty miles the blue mountains are faintly perceived. It is said, that in very clear weather even the snow-clad summits of the *Alps* may be distinguished, but I could not see them, though I strained my optic nerves to the utmost. The clock of this steeple was formerly considered as a wonderful piece of mechanism, on account of its different motions, but probably our present vain artists are of a contrary opinion. Among the bells, the largest of which weighs 204 cwt. I was also shewn the so-called silver bell, weighing 48 cwt. and which is rung only on St. *John*'s day. Here is also preserved a large bugle-horn, of which the following story is told....About 400 years ago, the *Jews*, during a siege, intended to open the gates to the enemy, and had agreed to give the signal with this horn; but their treachery was discovered; several of the *Jews* were burned, many plundered, and others driven out of the town. In memory of this happily detected conspiracy, this horn is sounded twice every night. Travellers generally write their names, or a verse or sentence of some kind, on the walls of the steeple. I likewise found a Russian inscription among them.

In the Lutheran church of St. *Thomas* is the monument of marshal *Saxe*; a noble piece of workmanship, by *Pigal*. The marshal is represented with his marshal's *baton*, descending some steps to the grave, and with a contemptuous air looking at death, who is opening the vault. On the right appear two lions and an eagle, the figures of which are highly expressive of terror, and represent the allied armies defeated by the count in *Flanders*. On the left stands *France*, in the form of a beautiful female, who with all the marks of the profoundest grief extends one hand to detain him, while with the other she endeavours to keep back Death. The genius of life, in deep affliction, extinguishes his torch on the ground,...and on this side wave the victorious standards of *France*. The artist's aim was to excite admiration, and, in the opinion of connoiseurs, he has succeeded. As for me, I looked first at one, and then at the other figure, and my heart remained as cold as the marble of which they are formed. I was particularly disgusted with Death, under the figure of a skeleton, covered with a mantle. The ancients did not represent him so....Woe to the modern artists, who terrify us with such images!...I should also have wished that the hero had a different air,...an air

expressive

expressive of greater attention to the sorrows of *France*, than to the hateful skeleton. In short, *Pigal*, according to my taste, is an able artist, but a bad poet. In a dark vault beneath this monument is the coffin, containing the embalmed body of the marshal. The heart is preserved in a chalice, which stands upon the tomb, and the bowels are interred in the earth; for *Lewis* XV., from motives of sensibility, or perhaps other reasons, would not permit the execution of the marshal's dying request, that his corpse might be burnt,... "in order," said he, "*Qu'il ne reste rien de moi* "*dans le monde, que ma memoire parmi mes amis.*"

The university here is almost as celebrated as those of *Leipzig* or *Göttingen*. It is frequented by several *English* and *Germans*, but few of the *Strasburg* professors are known as authors in the literary world, and in comparison with others, they may with justice be accused of indolence. Perhaps they are richer, for in *Germany* poverty makes many authors. *Strasburg* is very populous, but the streets are extremely narrow, and the style of building bad.

The head-dress of the women is very singular. The hair is completely frizzed and plastered with pomatum, tied together on the middle of the head, and a wreath fastened round it. Nothing

thing can be more destitute of taste than this kind of head-dress.

The German language is spoken here, but very much corrupted; and in genteel companies French is always used in conversation.

I hoped to find here a letter from *A.* but was disappointed!...And when shall I receive one from you, my friends? Are you still alive and in health? what are you doing? how do you go on? I ask in vain; no compassionate genius whispers an answer. Travelling is certainly agreeable, but separation from friends is painful. Farewel, my friends!...till *Basle.*

Basle.

"TAKE care, gentlemen!" said an officer in *Strasburg* to us, when getting into the coach, "the roads are not very safe; there are many "robbers in *Alsace.*" We looked at each other. "He that carries no treasures with him is not "afraid of robbers," said a young *Genevese*, who had travelled with me from *Frankfort.* "And I "have a hanger and a dog," said a young man in a red waistcoat, who sat next me. "What "have we to apprehend?" said we all; and we arrived safe at *Basle.*

Alsace is a glorious province. All the towns and

and villages we passed through were well built, and on both sides of the road extend the most fertile corn fields. The mountains of *Lorraine*, crowned with the ruins of ancient castles and haunts of banditti, produce a romantic effect, and vary the dull uniformity of the spacious plains. These mountains remove further and further, and at length disappear in the blue distance. On the other side of the *Rhine* rises the gloomy *Black Forest*, which, stretching to an immense extent, bounds the horizon; and by the road side are here and there seen villages and woods.

The French post drives beyond comparison quicker than the German. The postillion, in his blue jacket with a red collar, and a pair of boots apparently made for a dropsical giant, incessantly employs his whip, and keeps the horses in a trot. Every six, nine, or twelve wersts, the horses are changed, and at every stage the passengers pay their fare in advance, about twenty copecs for every French mile. We left *Strasburg* at six o'clock in the morning, and at eight in the evening were no more than three wersts from *Basle*, so that we had gone in one day twenty-nine *French* miles, or eighty-seven wersts. We were obliged to pass the night here, because the gates of *Basle* are shut at eight o'clock, and are never

 opened

opened for any person on any consideration whatever before day-break.

I have already become pretty intimate with the young man in the red waistcoat. He is the son of Mr. *Becker* of *Copenhagen*, apothecary to his Danish Majesty, and has studied medicine in *Germany*; but chiefly devoted himself to chemistry, under the instruction of *Klaproth*, at *Berlin*. After this he traversed almost all *Germany* on foot, with his dog and his hanger, sending his trunk before him by the coach. He is now going to see what is remarkable in *Switzerland*, and then intends to visit *France* and *England*. He loves his dog with the tenderest affection. On the road he kept looking out behind, every now and then, to see whether he was following the coach; and as he observed, a few miles from *Basle*, that the animal was fatigued, and began to lag behind, he wished us a good journey, and got out of the coach, that he might follow slowly after, with his faithful companion. We lodge together in the same house here.

And so, I am now in *Switzerland*—in the bosom of romantic nature—in the land of innocence and happiness. The air here appears to have something animating. I breathe with more ease and freedom; I step more firmly; my head rises more

more erect, and with pride I think that I am a man.

Basle is the largest town in *Switzerland*; but there are scarcely any houses of consequence in it, excepting two belonging to the banker *Sarazin*; and the streets are very badly paved. In proportion to its magnitude it has very few inhabitants; and some of the by-streets are entirely overgrown with grass. The *Rhine* divides the town into two parts; and though the river is not so broad here as at *Mentz*, it pleases me more, on account of the rapidity of its current, and its green color. But it is quite empty; not a barge, not even a boat, is to be seen on its bosom. I cannot comprehend why the people of *Basle* neglect the advantages of communication by water, as they carry on a pretty extensive trade to *Germany*, whither they send linen, ribbons, silk goods, and other articles of their manufacture. In the cathedral of this place I saw many old monuments with various inscriptions, which evince the poverty of intellect in the middle ages. The most remarkable to me were the monuments of *Erasmus*, and the consort of the emperor *Rudolph* I. The former was considered the most learned and sensible man of his age in all *Europe*; and the celebrated chancellor of *England*, sir *Thomas More*,

 who

who was himself one of the most acute men of his time, said, when *Erasmus* visited him without mentioning his name, and spoke on religion and politics with extraordinary sagacity and uncommon eloquence, "thou must either be *Erasmus* or—the devil!"—One of his most celebrated works is, "The Praise of Folly;" in which he satirizes all ranks, but particularly monks; and spares not even the pope himself. Some of his jokes have certainly much point; but many are vulgar, dry, and far-fetched: and, upon the whole, the book cannot but be tedious to those who have read the sprightly works of a *Voltaire* and a *Wieland*. The cathedral stands on an eminence encompassed with trees, from which there is a beautiful prospect.

In the library are shewn many rare manuscripts and medals, the value of which I leave to antiquaries and numismatics to estimate; I, for my own part, am better pleased with the pictures of the celebrated *Holbein*, a native of *Basle*, and a friend of *Erasmus*. I viewed these pictures with the utmost attention, and with the greatest delight.

How inimitable is the head of *Jesus* in the garden of *Gethsemane!* I should at the first sight recognize the traitor *Judas*, if he were like *Holbein*'s *Judas!*

His *Christ* taken from the cross, has not in it much of the divine; but, as a dying man, it is uncommonly accurate and natural. It is said, *Holbein* took for his model a Jew who had been drowned. The passion of *Christ* is represented in eight pieces. In the council-house is a hall with paintings in fresco, by *Holbein*. The opinion of connoisseurs on this artist is, that his figures are in general good, and the flesh very natural; but that he is defective in the drapery. On the wall of St. *Peter*'s church I observed, behind a railing, the celebrated *Dance of the Dead*, which is partly considered as *Holbein*'s workmanship. Death is conducting people of all ranks to the other world; a pope and a lady of pleasure, a king and a beggar, a bad and a good man. Though I am not a competent judge, still I dare venture to assert, that this row of figures, of which some are so well, and others so badly executed, are not the production of one and the same pencil. About three or four faces are full of spirit and expression, and not unworthy the left hand of *Holbein* (he used his left hand). As to the rest, these pieces have suffered much through the air and humidity.

Among the other pictures of *Holbein*, in the possession of which *Basle* glories, is also the portrait of a young female of great celebrity in her time.

The painter has represented her as *Lais*, whence the nature of her fame may easily be collected. Beside her stands *Cupid*, holding an arrow in his hand, and leaning against her knee. This picture was formerly an altar-piece, and the people revered it as the image of the Holy Virgin. On the black frame were inscribed, in gold letters, the words, *Verbum Dei manet in æternum!*

The museum of Mr. *Fäsch* is a worthy object of the curiosity of travellers who love the arts. It is computed to be worth 150,000 dollars; and in fact there are few gentlemen in *Europe* possessed of such a collection of pictures, and still fewer opulent persons of so much taste as Mr. *Fäsch*. Though this favourite of fortune may be envied the possession of these precious paintings, yet I envy him far more the delightful prospect from the windows of his cabinet. You see the majestic *Rhine*, whose course between two mighty empires you may follow with your eyes to a great distance. *France*, *Switzerland*, and *Germany* here unite, beneath the azure vault of heaven, to form a picture uncommonly interesting from the contrasts it exhibits; and I could have passed the whole day on this spot, gazing upon it in silent ecstasy. In the court-yard of Mr. *Fäsch*'s house stands a statue of the emperor *Rudolph* the first,

of

of very rude workmanship. He is represented sitting on a throne, invested with the imperial robes, and the other insignia of his rank. He was besieging *Basle* at the time when he was elected emperor. The inhabitants of *Basle* instantly opened their gates to him, and he occupied the house at present belonging to Mr. *Fäsch*.

To-day at dinner I witnessed an extremely moving scene. At one end of the table sat an old chevalier of St. *Louis*, and an elderly lady. Their faces bespoke the affliction of their minds, and were pale from sickness. They did not join in the general conversation, but looked at each other now and then, and with their handkerchiefs wiped the rising tear from their eyes, that were red with weeping. We regarded them with a compassion mingled with respect, and with looks of a curiosity we could scarcely conceal. The young Genevese who sat next me whispered in my ear, that it was a French nobleman of high rank, and his lady, whom the present circumstances had compelled to leave their country. When the desert was brought, a young man, accompanied by a young lady, entered the room, both in a travelling dress: "*Mon pere!*" "*ma mere!*" "*Mon fils! ma fille!*" With these exclamations

mations the chevalier of St. *Louis* and his consort rushed into the arms of the young strangers. A profound silence prevailed in the room. All seemed to be petrified. One held a piece of biscuit in his hand, which he was ready to put in his mouth; another a glass of wine, that he was just going to drink; those who were in the act of speaking became dumb, and forgot to shut their mouths, when they turned their eyes to the group in the middle of the room. Thou art past, moment of silence! but thou hast left a deep impression on my mind, which I will treasure as a dear argument of the sensibility of the human heart; for, did we not gaze, motionless, at the father and son, mother and daughter, embracing each other with inexpressible transport! At last the chevalier dried his eyes, and addressing himself to us, "Pardon, gentlemen," said he, with a trembling voice, "pardon affectionate parents the expression of their joy. We trembled till the present moment for the lives of our children, and now see them all at once safely restored to our embraces. We have lost our country and our property; but we will forget our sorrows, as our children are yet alive." They left the room hand in hand. We all rose and followed them. In the hall we found their servant, who was instantly

stantly surrounded, and requested to explain the scene that had taken place in the dining-room. "I can only tell you," he replied, "that the rebellious peasants threatened to murder my master, and that he was obliged to seek safety in flight, while his mansion fell a prey to the flames; and without knowing what had become of his children, who were on a visit at his brother's, and who have now fortunately arrived here in consequence of his letter."

When you ask in *Basle* what o'clock it is, they answer, "In other places it is twelve, but at *Basle* one." The clocks here are always one hour before any others. It is in vain to enquire the cause of this singularity: nobody knows it; however, ancient tradition relates, that a conspiracy, which was fortunately disconcerted, gave occasion to it.

Some evil-disposed persons at *Basle* had conspired to kill all the magistrates at twelve o'clock at night. A burgomaster was informed of their intention, and ordered the clock of the principal church to be altered so as to strike one instead of twelve. By this stratagem the conspirators were deceived, and imagining that the appointed hour was past, they returned peaceably to their homes. In memory of this lucky thought of the burgomaster's, the people at *Basle* keep their clocks an hour

hour forward. According to another report, this custom derived its origin from the time of the council of *Basle*, and was practised for the purpose of rousing the sluggish cardinals and bishops from their beds sufficiently early to appear at the appointed time in the hall of the assembly. Be this as it may, the people of *Basle* are now accustomed to this deception with regard to the time of day; and the common people consider it as one of the valuable privileges of their liberty.

A certain air of importance is observed in all the inhabitants of *Basle*, bordering on gloomy solemnity, and of which I for one am no admirer. Upon the whole, they have something characteristic in their air, gait, and manners. Both in private houses and hotels prevails a particular cleanliness, which travellers in general agree in praising as a virtue natural to the Swiss. The women here are very ugly; at least I have not seen one that might with justice be called handsome, or even pretty.

About seven wersts from *Basle* is the so-called *Hermitage*, an extensive garden on the declivity of a mountain belonging to an opulent inhabitant of this place.

I paid a visit to this garden, in company with

two young gentlemen from *Berlin*, at present residing here. Art seems to have no share at all in the formation of this garden. The paths are narrow, and stone steps lead to the steep summit of the mountain. Here and there you see verdant bushes and deep caverns, interspersed with cottages. At the further end of a rude grotto, in which the limpid stream, precipitated from the rock, has hollowed itself a small bason, stands a monument, erected by sorrowing friendship to *Gessner*. Too late, too late, have I come to *Switzerland*; the voice of the amiable bard is silenced, and the damp earth has consumed the frail abode of his spirit, removed to the mansions of the blest. In this silent grotto, this sanctuary of mild melancholy, the mind experiences sensations of the most lively grief, which are at length soothed in the sweet slumber of all the passions and sensibilities of the soul. This would be a proper situation for delineating night, according to the description of *Pausanias*, embracing sleep and death. We then went down into subterraneous temple of *Proserpine*, where we saw the figure of that goddess, by the faint light of a glimmering lamp. The excessive coldness and humidity of the place obliged us to leave it again immediately. We dined at the

village

village of *Arlesheim*, belonging to the bishop of *Basle*, and towards evening we returned to the town.

Two or three *wersts* from *Basle*, on the spot where now stands the hospital of St. *James*, was once fought a very bloody battle between the French and the Swiss, in which the latter were almost all killed. Thither the people of *Basle* repair every year, in the month of May, to chant the heroic atchievements of their forefathers, and to drink a kind of red wine, which is called Swiss blood. Curiosity likewise induced me to visit the house, where lived *Theophrastus Paracelsus*; that extraordinary man to whom the healing art, according to the confession of the learned, is indebted for many mineral medicines, which are still employed with advantage, but who, by his excessive rodomontades, was known as an empiric throughout all *Europe*.

What do you think? my new acquaintance *B.* in whose company I intend to travel through *Switzerland*, is sick, sick to death—of love. At our hotel lodges also a young lady from *Yverdon*. She supped with us to-night, at the *table d'hote*. She sat next to Mr. *B.* and several times entered into conversation with him. The tender heart of the *Dane* took fire at her brilliant eyes. He was

was in a perfect glow, forgot to eat or drink, and was wholly occupied in anticipating his fair neighbour's wants. After supper, he presented her his pocket-book, requesting her to write something in it as a remembrance. She took it, darted a look of tenderness at him, and wrote the following in French,—" A heart like yours needs nothing to " remind it; for, in following its own inclina-" tions it obeys the dictates of virtue." She returned him the book with a smile. " Madam," stammered the enraptured *B.* " Madam." We rose from the table...the lady bowed to him, and left the room on her brother's arm. *B.* stood and looked after her, and, after a pause, said to me, " I don't believe I shall be able to accom-" pany you to-morrow, for I feel very ill in-" deed."

Basle, August 9th.

THE *Yverdon* beauty set off this morning, and the *Dane* is well again. We have agreed with a person, who is to convey us to *Zurich* for two *louis d'ors*, in an old fashioned carriage, capable of holding two persons; and two fat horses are harnessed to it, for there is no regular post in *Switzerland.* " Now, gentlemen," cries our re-

 spectable

spectable Swiss driver, "your portmanteaus are "fastened, and every thing is ready." Therefore, my friends, farewell!

In the Coach on the Road.

I ALREADY enjoy *Switzerland*, my dear friends! Every breeze seems to excite in my heart sensations of delight. What a country!...what scenery! Two wersts from *Basle* I jumped out of the carriage, threw myself on the blooming shores of the *Rhine*, and kissed the earth in transport*. "Happy Swiss!" I exclaimed, "daily and hourly you ought to thank Heaven for your happiness, and at every pulsation bless your lot, that you live in the embraces of charming nature, under the benign laws of a fraternal union, in simplicity of manners, serving none but your God! Your whole life resembles a pleasing dream, and even the dart of death must gently strike your bosoms unenslaved by tyrannic passions†. Yes,

* I was then only twenty-four years old.

† The reader will perhaps on this occasion recollect the darts of *Apollo*, which inflicted a gentle death on mortals. The Greeks have left us in their mythology many such monuments of their tender sensibility. What can be more exquisitely beautiful than

Yes, my friends, I believe that the fear of death results from a deviation from the path of nature. I believe, and am convinced, that this fear is not an innate feeling of the heart. And if I were to die this moment, I should sink with tears of love into the all-encompassing lap of nature, in the firm conviction that she would convey me to new happiness, and that the change in my existence is a refinement of beauty...a conversion of good into better."

When my mind reflects, my friends, on the original simplicity of human nature,—or, when my heart is open to the impressions of nature's beauties, such are my sensations, and death has no terrors for me. Eternal love could not be eternal love, if it had not in some manner or other sweetened every contingency; and we must therefore taste it on the least disagreeable side. Forgive me, all-wise providence, if, like an obstinate child, I ever shed tears of vexation, or found fault with the lot of humanity! I now praise thee, sensible of thy goodness, and of the invisible hand which conducted me!

We proceeded along the *Rhine*, which, with

than the fiction, which represents our dissolution as a work of the ever-youthful *Apollo*; a thought replete with the most perfect beauty and harmony.

tremendous roar, rushes through the silent meadows and vineyards. Here play sprightly lads and lasses—they pull handfuls of flowers, and throw them at each other.—There, a contented rustic, whistling a merry tune, prepares the poles around which the flexible vine is to be entwined. He looks at the travellers that pass by, and with a friendly nod wishes them good day. Before us rise lofty mountains; but the *Alps* are still concealed by the azure horizon. Behind us extends the ample range of *Jura*, which casts its blue shades over the vallies.

No, I can write no longer; the beauties of nature, by which I am surrounded, allure my eyes from the paper.

Rheinfelden, an Austrian Village.

I AM now in the territory of our ally. The driver is feeding his horses with bread, and I am sitting at the window of the inn, beholding the impetuous *Rhine*, which dashes its spray almost to the spot where I am.

Brugg.

WE dined to-day in a small village, where a French lady arrived at the same moment with us. She was in mourning, and had with her a boy nine years old, and a squirrel. Her black dress, the paleness of her face, and the grief expressed in her countenance, rendered her interesting to me. But she made a still stronger impression on the tender-hearted *B.*, "I hope, "madam," said he with a look and a voice tender enough for a *Dane*, "I hope that you will permit "us to dine with you." "I have no objection," answered the French lady, with a graceful motion of the head. "Landlord!" cryed *B.* in an authoritative tone, "I hope you will give us no cause "of complaint about the dinner." "You will see," answered the Swiss, somewhat nettled, and pushed back his cap. "The Swiss are good people," said the French lady, smiling, and sitting at the table, which was already laid; "but they are not the "most civil." The dinner was brought. *B.* carved, served all round, and took good care of the lady and her son. He even ventured to ask for whom she was in mourning. "For my brother," she replied, sighing; "He wrote to me from *T.* that "he was ill." I set off instantly with my little *Pierre*, "and found him—a corpse." She wiped a tear

from

from her eye. "And how old was he?" asked *B.*—and I rocked backwards and forwards in my chair with vexation. "He was five years older than "myself," continued the French lady, and dried another tear. "Mr. *B.*" I now began, "you af-"fect madam *N.* by recalling these mournful "ideas. "That is far from my intention," he replied blushing, "very far! pardon me, Madam." "The wound of my heart," she answered, "is still so fresh, that it bleeds anew." The little *Pierre* threw down his spoon, turned his eyes towards his mother, rose, ran to her, kissed her hands, looked at her with such affection, and said, in an accent of such tenderness, "do not "weep, mother; do not weep, my dear mother;" that I was obliged to pull out my handkerchief. *B.* sprang from his chair, caught her right hand, with which she clapsed her little boy, and pressed it to his lips. At this moment our host entered the room. "Pshaw!" said he, in a rough tone "What is the meaning of this? I thought you "were at dinner." Nobody made any reply. The French lady drew away her hand, on which the kiss of the sentimental *B.* had left a red mark; and rebuked him for his rudeness with a look of severity. I ordered the landlord to bring coffee; but he stood as if rooted to the spot, and stared

at the French lady, whose pale cheeks glowed like scarlet. Meanwhile she sent the little *Pierre* back to his seat; *B.* likewise sat down, and we began the desert. Madam *N.* at length recovered herself, and told us that she was returning to her husband, who, though a Swiss, had lived a long time in *France*, on account of his business; and during his residence at *T.* had fallen in love with her. After his marriage he removed to *K.* "He is very happy, madam," said I, "to have "such a spouse as you; but probably he deserves "his good fortune, as you thought him worthy "of your love." The coachman now told us the horses were harnessed. We paid the host, and took leave of the sentimental French lady; she permitted us to kiss her little *Pierre*, and this gave rise to another sentimental scene. As *B.* was embracing the boy, the mischievous squirrel leaped upon his head, and took him so lovingly by the nose with his fore paw, that *B.* roared out lustily. The lady shrieked with fright; and the landlord, who stood at the door, laughed most heartily. The squirrel was at length removed; and little *Pierre* took him by the tail, and said, "Oh! naughty skug, why did you claw Mr. *B*'s. nose?" My polite friend assured madame *N.*, who was considerably alarmed on his account, that he

was

was not hurt, but had only been frightened a little. "Ah, Sir! I see blood, I see blood," cried she, wiping two drops of blood off his nose with her white pocket-handkerchief. "Ah!" continued *B.* with the liveliest emotion, "how shall I thank "you for your goodness? the recollection of "it will always be dear to me; and I shall think "with pleasure even on your squirrel." She presented him with a roll of sticking plaster, wishing that its healing properties might redress the mischief occasioned by the little animal. We took leave; she gave us her address, and we wrote down our names for her. The fond child went with us to the coach, and his amiable mother looked at us from the window. "Adieu, "Madame; adieu!" cried *B.* "Adieu," replied she—"Adieu!" cried little *Pierre*, nodding with his head. We conversed a long time on the road about the amiable French woman, who had pretty well erased from my friend's mind the remembrance of the *Yverdon Beauty*.

In passing through a village we observed a great crowd of people. We stopped, got out of the coach, and penetrated into the midst of the mob. We saw a young man, whom they were just at that moment tying, and who begged with tears that they would let him go. "What has he "done?"

"done?" asked we. "He has stolen two dol-
"lars at the grocer's shop," replied several voices. "Theft is unheard of among us. This "vagabond has come hither from *Germany*. He "must be punished." "But he weeps," said I, "let him go, good-natured *Swiss!*" "No, no, "he must be punished, that he may not steal "in future." "Well then, brave *Swiss*, pu-"nish him as a father would punish his naughty "children," rejoined I, sighing, and returned to the coach. Perhaps no where are crimes so rare as in *Switzerland*; and of these the least common is theft, which is here the object of particular detestation. Highway robberies and murders are never heard of; only peace and security prevail in this happy country.

Zurich.

I APPROACHED *Zurich* under the most agreeable impressions. The delightful situation of the town, the smiling circumjacent country, the pellucid lake, with its charming borders, had predisposed my heart to joy. Here it was, thought I, that the sentimental *Gessner* gathered flowers to adorn his shepherds and shepherdesses. Here the soul of the immortal *Klopstock* imbibed the sublime ideas on the sacred love of our country, which

which he has transfused with such energy into his *Herrmann*. Here *Bodmer* collected traits for his *Noachides*, and caught the spirit of the patriarchal times. Here *Wieland* and *Göthe*, amidst mellifluous songs, embraced the muses, and composed for posterity. Here *Frederic Stollberg*, in the moment of inspiration, saw through the gloom the bard of the gods and heroes, the venerable *Homer*, crowned with laurels, as he ravished the *Grecian* youth with his strains; and resolved to chant them after him in the language of the *Teutones*. And here, lastly, our countryman *Lenz* poured forth the pains of his passion, and consecrated every flower with a sigh to his *Weimar* goddess.

We arrived here at ten o'clock in the morning, and alighted at the *Raven*, where we have a spacious light room, which commands a beautiful prospect. Before our eyes extends the lake of *Zurich*, and almost under our windows the river *Limmat* rushes out of it; and its impetuous and roaring current forms a pleasing contrast with the stillness of the lake. Across the lake, exactly opposite us, rise steep rocks, and on one side at a great distance, are seen the snow-covered tops of the moutains of *Schwitz*, *Underwalden*, &c. a spectacle quite new to me. Dinner is

ready,

ready. After dinner I shall go,...but I need not say to whom.

At nine o'clock in the evening.

WHEN I had rang the bell, there appeared a tall slender man of a pale complexion, whom I instantly knew to be *Lavater*. He conducted me to his closet, and when he found that I was the *Muscovite* who had drawn several letters from him, he embraced me, and welcomed me to *Zurich*. After a few questions about my journey, he said, " Have the goodness to call again at six " o'clock. I am busy at present: or stay in my " closet, read, or look over any thing you please, " and do just as if you were at home." He then shewed me some folios in his book-case, lettered, " *Physiognomical Cabinet*," and left the room. I stood for some minutes lost in meditation, and at length sat down to look at the physiognomical drawings. I confess to you, my friends, that the manner in which *Lavater* received me had not produced the most agreeable impression. I had hoped, that he would receive me with greater cordiality, and that at the bare mention of my name he would be overpowerd with agreeable surprize. And on what was the hope grounded? Do not insist upon an answer, my friends. I could not give it

it without blushing. Smile secretly at the calculation of the vain, intemperate self-love of man, and forget the weakness of your friend. *Lavater* came several times into the room to fetch a book or some paper, but immediately left it again, without entering into conversation with me. At length he entered the room, took me by the hand, and conducted me to a company of the literati of *Zurich* at professor *Brettinger*'s, where he presented me to the host and the guests as his friend. A little man, with piercing eyes, whose hand *Lavater* shook more heartily than the others, attracted my attention. It was *Pfenninger*, the editor of the *Christian Magazine*, and a friend of *Lavater*. At first sight he appeared very much like *S. I. G.* and though, upon a closer view of his features, I observed that his eyes, forehead, and in general every part of his face, were unlike *G*'s. yet the first impression remained, and it was impossible to reason away the resemblance between them which I had discovered. At length the hypothesis struck me, that if they were not like each other in the exterior figure, yet the interior conformation of their muscles must certainly correspond !!

You know, my friends, that before I left *Moskow*, I was a lover of physiognomic investigations,

gations, and frequently perceived a resemblance where others saw none; and now that I have breathed the air of the town that may justly be called the cradle of all modern physiognomy, metoposcopy, chiromanty, podoscopy, &c. &c. you must take care how you come within the reach of my eyes. The honest Swiss drank tea and smoked tobacco; and *Lavater* related to them the substance of his conversation with *Necker*. Amongst other things, he said, "Whoever wishes to see a perfect minister, must look at *Necker*. His face...his voice...his air...nothing betrays what is passing within. Unruffled calmness is his element. But, unlike *Newton* and *Voltaire*, he was not born great...his greatness is acquired. He has made every thing of himself that it was possible to make." *Lavater* saw him at the moment he determined to accept the invitation of the King and the National Assembly; and, instead of retiring to his peaceful mansion at the foot of *Mount Jura*, to return to tumultuous *Paris*. To my great mortification I could understand but very little of what was said, for a very odd dialect is spoken here. After having passed about an hour in this company, *Lavater* took his hat, and we went away. He ac-

companied me to the inn, and took leave till the next day.

Probably, my friends, you will not desire, that on the first day of my acquaintance with *Lavater* I should write any thing concerning his mind and heart. I cannot yet say any thing further of him, than that he has an extremely venerable appearance...a firm resolute air...a long pale face ...piercing eyes, and a very grave look. All his motions shew animation and agility, and he utters every word with energy. In his tone there is something dictatorial, which is probably a consequence of his profession, but is corrected by a look of the most undissembled candour and simplicity of heart. Whenever I spoke with him I was completely embarrassed, for his impatient looks seemed to intimate to me, to speak as quickly as possible, and I was incessantly afraid that I should not be able to understand him, as I am not accustomed to the dialect of *Zurich*.

When I was again alone in my room, I was overwhelmed with lowness of spirits; and, in order to cheer myself up a little, I sat down to write to you, my dear friends! To learn how much we are attached to our native land, we need only leave it; and, to discover the extent of our

love to our friends, nothing more is necessary than separation.

What sweet strains strike my ear! From the windows of the opposite house I hear the voice of a youth singing the following song:

" My country! I love thee with ardent affec-
" tion;...my last drop of blood I am ready to
" shed for thee;...I will die, as thy most duteous
" son!

" My country! in thee I find every thing ca-
" pable of affording innocent pleasure. In thee,
" nature is lovely,...thy air is pure and whole-
" some, and thy fields are blessed!

" My country! I love thee with ardent affec-
" tion;...my last drop of blood I am ready to
" shed for thee;...I will die, as thy most duteous
" son!

" We live here in a fraternal covenant; we
" love each other; we fear nothing, and es-
" teem only the good and wise. We are stran-
" gers to extravagance, and to freemen trans-
" formed into tyrants and slaves. What need
" we the splendor of art, when Nature shines
" here in all her beauty,...when we drink from
" her breast pure happiness and unsullied de-
" light?

"My country! I love thee with ardent affec-
"tion;...my last drop of blood I am ready to
"shed for thee;...I will die, as thy most duteous
"son!"

The voice ceases. The silence of night prevails around. Farewel, my friends!

August 11.

WHEN I went this forenoon to *Lavater*'s, I found with him in his closet the consort of the reigning count of *Stollberg* reading a manuscript, while the master of the house was sitting in his morning-gown writing a letter. In half an hour the room was filled with visitors, for every stranger travelling through *Zurich* considers it a duty to call upon *Lavater*. These visits would be troublesome to any other person; but *Lavater* told me that he was fond of seeing strangers, and that he learned many new things of them. He conducted us to his wife, where we conversed about half an hour on the *French* revolution, and then parted. After dinner I again went to his house, and again found him engaged; besides, people came every moment either to request his advice, or to ask for charity. He gave every one a friendly answer, and bestowed what he could afford. I became acquainted with the painter

Lips,

ow friend? After dinner we sat down to play, —not at cards, my friends! We seated ourselves round a table; each took a piece of paper, upon which he wrote any question that came into his head. The papers were then mixed, again distributed, and every one had now to answer to the question he had received, and write down a new one. This game continued till the piece of paper was full, and then they were all read aloud. Many of the answers were well adapted to the subject; but those of *Lavater* differed from the rest, as the moon from the stars. The answers of the charming sisters were distinguished for simplicity and accuracy. As an example, I will annex a few of the questions and answers.

Question. "Who is the real benefactor?" Answer. "He who relieves present distress." This answer, besides the highest simplicity, likewise contains a striking truth. Give every one what he needs at the present moment. Do not amuse him with fine words who is starving; but give him bread. Of what use is a guinea to the drowning man? Fetch him out of the water. Question. "Is the life of any particular person absolutely necessary for the completion of any particular purpose?" was answered in the following manner: "It is necessary, if he remains alive;

alive; but would be unnecessary, were he to die." The question, "What is the best thing in the place where we are?" was answered as follows: "Men." Different words without any connection were then given, and each had to make sense of them, which gave occasion to a good deal of laughter.

I wished we would condescend to borrow this kind of pastime from the Germans: the understanding is exercised by it; and, in the company of friends, nothing can be more agreeable and amusing*.

We at length thanked our host for his kind entertainment, and set out on our return to *Zurich*. The amiable parson, and his two Orcades, accompanied us. The poor girls very soon grew tired, and it was with much difficulty I could prevail upon one of them to accept of my stick.

We parted on the top of the mountain. When we arrived in the town, it was almost dark. I took leave of *Lavater* for two days, as I intend to-morrow to walk, in company with my friend *B.*, to *Schafhausen*, which is twenty miles from *Zurich*.

* My wish is already accomplished: some of our ladies take great delight in these diversions.

END OF VOL. I.